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MY DREAMS.

MY

DREAMS.

BY

LOUISA S. M'CORD.

Clarior è tenebris.

'Tis to create, and in creating, live
A being more intense, that we endow
With form, our fancy; gaining as we give
The Life we image, e'en as I do now.
CHILDE HAROLD.—Canto 3d.

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DEDICATION.

TO MY FATHER.

Oft in my bosom the self-flattering thought
Has roused itself—"I too, may be a poet."
And again, o'ercome by my own weakness,
Have I shrunk before the blighting consciousness,
The damning fear, that I am but as one
Amidst the crowd,—an atom in the sunbeam;
Nothing more than all the triflers round me.
And yet there is a hope, it will not die;
If I would crush it, still it struggles here,
And in my heart it whispers, 'thou hast caught
Perchance, one gleam of light from that sunbeam,
Which others may not see.' I long to know
If there is in my soul one ray, one gleam
Of true poetic fervour. I have seen

Thee, with a kind indulgence, read my lines,
Penned with a trembling hand, a tearful eye,
And I have drunk thy hope-inspiring praise,
And hugged myself therein. But out, alas!
On my ill-founded hopes! Too partial judge,
Thou can'st not say, if 'twere the man's,
Or but the parent's heart, which felt and throbbed
Its answers back to *my* heart's throbbing struggles.
Wise in all other points, thou might'st forget
Thy wisdom in the follies of thy child.
Doubting and trembling still, I cast my lines
Then here, before the world; and it must judge
'Twixt me, and my own struggling thoughts, which rise,
Now in Hope's wild commotion, and now sink
Back, back, upon myself and nothingness.

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PROEM.

DREAMS.

Of what?—For what?—Dreams, fancies, airy nothings!—To be caught at, as the child follows his flying bubbles, because their bright colours please him,—because they amuse and make happy an hour which might be gaped away in discontented uneasiness.—And all that drives away discontent is good and useful.—Murmuring Discontent, the mother of many a vice, is in itself a sin against high Heaven.—'Tis good, 'tis right, 'tis virtuous, to enjoy; and God smiles when man can forget his ills, and love the sun that warms him.—I can sometimes fancy that the kind Heaven which watches over us, loves to distract our cares, as the fond mother amuses her sick child, by the bright toys she scatters in its way;—and I love to cherish the thought, and bow with reverential gratitude, to the parental kindness which

would amuse and soothe away ills, of which its wisdom alone, can know the cause and end.

Scoff not then at my dreams.—What is life but a dream?—One long dream, broken, if you will, by fitful, feverish starts, when something whispers the sleeper,—"Fool, thou art Fancy's plaything."—He doubts for an instant, but the vision pleases more than the reality,—he woos its return, and after a turn and a sigh, soothes himself again, to Fancy's gentle lullaby.—The wisdom which can but hear the folly of her words, is only too wise a nursling;—as the infant who scoffs at the fairy tale, which delights and enchains the attention of its companions, but boasts its precocious genius, at the expense of an enjoyment which no knowledge can repay. 'Tis sweet to be deceived; 'tis sweet to deceive ourselves, to fancy a Heaven, tho' we must at last wake to Earth; 'tis sweet to lull ourselves to sleep by Fancy's whispered hushings. 'Tis sweet to dream. Sleeping or waking, 'tis sweet to forget the world and ourselves, in airy visions, which are not, which cannot be; which even as we dream, we know them false. But we love them, tho' they die with the gleam which gave them birth, as the

rainbow fades with the sunbeam, which called into life its evanescent hues. There is a pain in seeing them fade,—

But, let us choose
The brighter hues,
What though their colours fade,
When frowns the past,
To Lethe cast
Its every darker shade.

MY DREAMS.

THE WORLD OF DREAMS.

THERE is a world of visions and of dreams,
Where the unshackled spirit seems to roam
Free from the dross of Earth.—From judgment loosed,
Imagination plays her boldest pranks;
Now laughs, now weeps, and mocks us with her freaks.
She beckons us, and on we follow still,
Successful scale high Heaven's conquered heights,
Glory in worlds subdued, which hardly gained,
Again she drags us down, and scenes of wo
And darkness close around us.—Demons scowl;
Spirits of mischief, mocking, gather near,
Mopping and mowing, o'er our fallen might,
E'en as men mock misfortune's agony,
And envy scoffs o'er power's broken wand.
'Tis thus Imagination, queen of dreams,
Makes us her playthings.

On yon bed of straw
See the world's conqueror lie,—at least in dreams.—
The Macedonian hero ne'er surpassed
The feats of arms his conquering hand performs,
And Cæsar's laurels crown his monarch brow.
Day's faintest dawn must wake him to his toil,
His labour-harden'd hand must guide the plough.
And look, where hunger's victim shivering lies:
E'en here, will hovering Fancy sometimes smile,—
His last breath was a groan of agony.
From whence the smile which brightens now his features?
His dreams unlock the miser's iron-bound chests,
Bid gentle pity take a human form.—
Now kindness' hand his gnawing want supplies,
And plenty decks his long ungarnished board.
But now, behold! E'en fancy frowns on wo,
And while the tempting viands he would reach,
Like Tantalus, he finds them shun his grasp,
And that deep moan speaks once more misery's reign.
Pass on.—Asmodeus-like, we'll wander round,
Watch o'er each dreamer, while her varied tricks
Mad fancy plays, and in strange motley robed

Of joy and wo, shows us with wizard glass
A world of ever-changing shadows, strown
So like the fickle flittings of our own,
We dream it still the same; tho' oft she bids
Us soar, in thought, above reality,
Showing us scenes of bliss too bright for hope,
Then veils them in despair.
The infant mind,
She fills with dreams of manhood's riper years,
And brings decrepit age to smiling scenes
Of thoughtless childhood back.
The dying man,
By lingering sickness wasted, sees once more
Health smile upon him, and life beckon on
To varied scenes which formed his yesterday,
And promise a to-morrow.—Or, perhaps,
Imagination still a fairer picture shows,
Wanders through scenes from which our waking thoughts
Must shrink reluctant back. With fearless step
She dares to tread *thy* realms, *Eternity!*
And gathering tales of bliss, and heavenly joy,
Brings to the sick man's breast forgotten hope.—

Then sometimes in her play, she lays a load
Of double grief upon the sufferer,
And makes him dream Hell's torments are let loose.
He groans in flames, and gasps in agony,
While muttering phantoms mock his fainting breath.
Off, fiends!—Kind Heaven, dispel the direful vision!
Mark, how the slumberer wakes. His haggard eye
Turns slowly round, dreading, yet seeking still
The phantom fiends, whose fearful shrieks
Still echo in his ear. His shortening breaths
Leave him nor strength, nor power, to know how false
Their shadowy shapes.—He sinks, while his weak gasps,
By terror hastened, strangle his painful sighs,
And with one struggling gurgle, one wild stare,
His frightful dream is done. If onward roams
The fancy-beckoned spirit, 'tis in scenes
Detached from yon cold clod, whose stiffening form
Sinks fast to loathed corruption.—Let it rot.
It is humanity. The end of life,
The end of dreams.
Turn, and again behold
A spectre-haunted pillow.—The murderer sees

His bloody victims frown; now numbers o'er
His tales of sin, and, half-exulting, acts
Again, the heartless scenes.—Anon, he starts,
Cold sweat-drops damp his brow, for vengeance frowns,
And fancy's hell surrounds him :—muttered prayers,
And mingling curses, speak his anxious thought,
Which half would soothe, half dares offended Heaven.
And see where softer, brighter, visions woo,
To scenes so differing from these hellish views
We scarce can deem the painter's hand the same.
See, where the goddess of this dreamy world,
Strows rainbow hues, and Heaven-beaming light.
The lover dreams ecstatic joys, and bliss,
Too bright, too bright, for earth. His waking eye
Must see the Houri of his visions fade.
And though the dream may cast its sunny light,
Thro' waking speculations, fancy weaves,
Too soon she tires of smiling, and the views
So brightly sketched, fade as Experience turns
Her leaden eye, and coldly points Reality.
As fades the flower 'neath Sol's too vivid ray,
As shrinks the dew-drop from his parching heat,

As timorous day to darkness trembling cedes,
So fade these glimpses of Elysian realms.
As Dagon-worshippers bewept their God,
His broken idol's shattered wrecks he mourns.
And yonder pallid brow, which gently droops,—
As 't were a lily withering on its stem,—
As by a moonbeam lit, across it flits
A look of calm, to its worn sadness strange,
As dewdrop 'neath the noon of summer's sun;
So softly mild, we dare not call it joy;
And yet so stilly beautiful, we look,
And wonder what could bring its quiet there.
See, from the grave no spectre-terrors spring,
But forms, as 't were of angels come to earth.
The heavenly pictures of those things she loved,
And loving, lost,—and losing, wept,—until
That brow is faded, spirit-like, and wan,
E'en like to those whom now once more she dares
To see, and love, and fancy still her own.
Hark! to the clanking fetters! Yon dark cell
Scarce gives the prisoner room, to lab'ring turn
His wearied limbs, benumbed with loathed rest.

Through his murk dungeon's darkness, scarce can pierce
Day's brightest sunlit ray, with glimmering light.
Behold his chains burst with Herculean strength;—
Once more the sun in all his brilliance shines,
And festive scenes reign through th' extended hall.
E'en in his den of sorrow he may dream,
And bask in mercy's smile. The morrow comes;—
What tho' it bring th' unmitigated doom,
The word of death, the sentence, "Blood for blood?"
To night, fond sleep, the Lethe of our woes,
Lulls him to peace and calm forgetfulness.
The hollow grating of his dungeon bolt
Must murder hope, and wake him to himself,
And with the new-born day, despair must rise;
Still of his *now*, the quiet calm is blessed.

Fancy, thou nurse, alike of joy and wo,
Strange mocker, whom we love, e'en while thou frown'st;
Who through each scene of life, or weep'st, or smil'st,
To paint each scene with colours all thine own,—
How vision-led we tread this world of sleep!
Here, rudderless, we're tossed on fancy's wave,
And in one moment's little course oft find

A world of happiness or misery.
Strange picture of a life, whose tedious course
But lengthens out our dream.—Unfetter'd roams
The wandering spirit?—No.—'Tis bound, fast bound
In adamantine fetters.—Soaring oft
Above these clayey realms, how quickly dragged
Back to its prison-home!—We live, we dream,
And then we die.—What more?—Ask'st thou what more?
Sleep, wave thy downy pinions,—let me *dream*,
I dare not *think*, what more.

PEACE! BE STILL!

In the summer breeze's lowest sigh,
In the gentlest tone of the murmuring rill,
Softly the words come floating by,
"Be still! hush! peace! be still!"

When hushed beneath the sky of even,
Tired Nature lulls herself to sleep,
And only stars, like eyes of Heaven,
Look down, to watch the mourner weep;

Methinks that with their beam there falls,
A tone the throbbing heart to fill,
Gently, it to the sufferer calls,
"Be still! hush! peace! be still!"

And when May's freshest flowers are springing,
And balmiest airs their sweets distil,
The softest Zephyrs aye are singing,
"Be still! hush! peace! be still!"

It seems as 'twere kind Nature wooing
Her child to slumber on her breast,
And all its wearying cares subduing,
Hushing the tired thing to rest.

'Tis the fond mother's lullaby,
Bidding the wayward one repose,
Soothing its sobbing bosom's sigh,
An opiate for its restless woes.

Again I dream myself a child,—
My aching brow on Earth reclining,
Fancy, once more, a Mother's mild
Indulgent eye is o'er me shining.

And thus there is a kind of joy
To nestle there my wearied head,
Dreaming 'tis but a broken toy,
O'er which my scalding tears are shed.

Once more I hear the soothing tones
Which lulled me to my childhood's sleep,

Once more are mine but painless moans,
Once more 'tis almost joy to weep.

For once more comes that magic sound,
Which used to bid my bosom thrill,
Once more I hear it whispering round,
"Be still! hush! peace! be still!"

My Mother! In my infant home
'Twas thou who mad'st these accents dear,
Now but from Heaven such tones may come,
For now, my Mother, *Thou* art there.

And hark! with storm-subduing power,
The mandate of high heaven's will,
Raised 'midst the Ocean's angry roar,
The conquering words are, "Peace! be still!"

The waters know their Maker's call,
The raging tempest owns his sway,
The mountain billows trembling fall,
In stifled roars, the winds obey.

"Hush! Peace! be still!" Oh! God of Heaven,
My heart still let this mandate fill;
Care, passion, sorrow, thou hast given,
Whisper them—"Peace! be still!"

THE WANDERING TEAR.

THERE was a youth once woo'd a Lady,
But she spurned him away; Heigho!
And he mourned, until to die he was ready,
But she heeded him not,—Heigho!

And he knelt, and he prayed for Love's warm smile,
But she turned her away,—Heigho!
And that youth—why did he not die, the while?
He was sad enough.—Heigho!

Again he sued, not for love, but pity,
And he looked so sad, heigho!
Though she did not love, she was not haughty,
And she dropped a tear, heigho!

And tell me, you who to love have learned,
Was it strange that he smiled?—Heigho!
He watched that tear, and forgot he was spurned,
And fancied she sighed—heigho!

That tear, that tear—'twas a gem to him,
And he sought to grasp it falling;
But it fell in a gently murmuring stream,
And, like the sunshine of a dream,
'Twas gone, and past recalling.

And that youth, full many a tear he shed
In the streamlet past him sweeping,
For he deemed that there was in that treasure fled,
A charm, perchance, that might have plead
His cause with that lady weeping.

So dear it was to him, he deemed
So far above compare,
That gold, and gems, and jewels seemed
But glittering nothings; he esteemed
All lightly by that tear.

And what can he bring to that lady fair?
What offering can he cast
At her feet to sue acceptance there?
Gems and toys he brings most rare,
And the richest, are still the last.

But that lady's love he cannot buy ;
And she turns from his gifts away ;
For she feels that in her bosom lie
Treasures too pure for gold to buy,
That such gifts can ne'er repay.

And far he sought, and near he sought
For something her heart to move ;
And what was there in the world, he thought,
So pure, so simple with joy, so fraught,
As that tear, though it spoke not of love.

For though love was not there, there was pity, and that
Is a balm to the lover's torn heart ;
For, if worn with anguish, lamenting his fate,
He finds pity weeping, the chances are great
That love in his sorrows takes part.

But while he long, 'midst jewels rare,
Its unmatched value sought,
Where then had it fled, that priceless tear,
That glittering gem, to him so dear,
So valued, though unbought ?

Of the murmuring stream, where first it fell,
It joined the plaintive tone;
And as it swept along, 'twould tell
Its sorrowing tale, and oft would dwell
On its grief, that 'twas alone.

For, though with mingled waters flowing,
It passed from scene to scene,
Oh! say, while kindness e'en bestowing,
'Midst crowds, is the wanderer not showing
To his home that he still doth lean?

And sad was the note of that exiled tear,
On the mimic billows tossed,
Of the streamlet, as, wandering here and there,
It murmured, "Oh! give me back what I hold dear,
Guide me to the home I have lost."

Now swifter flow th' increasing waves;
The wandering drop is driven
On, till a turbid river laves
A widened shore, but still it craves
The home it lost—its heaven.

And now, it hoarsely roaring cries
Amidst the cataract's foam;
And wildly o'er the precipice,
'Midst riot dashing, still it sighs,
And still demands its home.

Now, wearied of its furious course,
'Midst ocean's billows lost,
The waters round it murmur hoarse,
As (holding of past storms discourse)
Their might and power they boast.

And still that tear, in plaintive tone,
The murmuring concourse joins,
While ocean vaunts its victories gone:
To its triumphant voice, a moan,
In mingling, rejoins.

But lo! with sullen threatening roar,
The angry billows rise;
And now, with devastating power,
They furious lash the frightened shore,
Now dare the startled skies.

Lost 'midst the whirl of waters, where
Hath fled the wanderer now?
Swept by the dashing spray afar,
Wishing but rest, that lowly tear,
It seeks a home as low.

But now, whilst on the shore it lies,
Fast sinking 'neath the earth,
By sunbeams raised, to Heaven it flies,
Bosomed in clouds that seek the skies,
And claim celestial birth.

But not such is the home for which still it would long,
Where its hopes and its fears have birth;
Though bright are the scenes that it wanders among,
Oh! not to such scenes do its wishes belong,
They all centre and lean upon earth.

It was born for earth's sorrow, how then can it dare
To hope or to share Heaven's peace?
Bright Heaven was never the home of the tear;
It ne'er can be aught but a wanderer there,
And an outcast, e'en mingling in bliss.

Back, back; to the earth the forlorn one is driven,
To share in its sorrows and care;
And welcome to grief is the outcast from Heaven;
To its anguish, at least, that one solace is given,
The comfort of wo, is a tear.

Back, back to the earth, as a refuge, it flies,
In a dewdrop from Heaven it falls;
On a flowret's bosom the wanderer lies,
And the youth, as that glittering jewel he spies,
At once the lost tear-drop recalls.

And quick, with his dew-ladened blossom, he goes
To the fair one, and humbly pleading,
He tells her how Heaven weeps over our woes,
And shows how the flowret its blushing head bows,
As though in his cause interceding.

And he bids her take back that pure tear-drop again,
Which once she bestowed on his woes;
He tells her how long he has sought it in vain,
He tells her how now he has found it with pain,
And he offers the tear-sprinkled rose.

And the lady bent over that flower as he knelt,
And she spoke not a word, but she sighed;
And he asked her, if nothing her hard heart could melt?
If no shadow of love in her bosom had dwelt?
To his question, the flowret replied.

For, as slowly she raised from that flowret her eye,
No more was his passion reproved;
Two sister-drops now on its moist bosom lie;
As he gazes, he hears them breathed on by a sigh,
And he knows that, at last, *he is loved.*

THE VOICE OF YEARS.

It floated by, on the passing breeze,
The voice of years:
It breathed o'er ocean, it wandered through earth,
It spoke of the time when worlds had birth,
When the spirit of God moved over the sea,
When earth was only a thing—to be.
And it sighed, as it passed on that passing breeze,
The voice of years.

From ocean it came on a murmuring wave,
The voice of years:
And it spoke of the time ere the birth of light;
When earth was hushed, 'neath the ocean's might,
And the waters rolled, and the dashing roar,
Of the angered surge owned not yet the power,
Which whispers in that murmuring wave
The voice of years.

From earth it came, from her inmost deep,
The voice of years :
It murmured forth with the bubbling stream,
It came like the sound of a long-past dream—
And it spoke of the hour ere Time had birth,
When living thing moved not yet on earth,
And, solemnly sad, it rose from the deep,
The voice of years.

From heaven it came, on a beam of light,
The voice of years :
And it spoke of a God who reigned alone,
Who waked the stars, who lit the Sun.
As it glanced o'er mountain, and river, and wood,
It spoke of the good and the wonderful God ;
And it whispered to praise that God of Light,
The voice of years.

It howled in the storm as it threatening passed,
The voice of years :
And it spoke of ruin, and fiercest might ;
Of angry fiends, and of things of night ;

But raging, as o'er the Earth it strode,
I knelt and I prayed to the merciful God,
And methought it less angrily howled as it passed,
The voice of years.

And it came from yon moss-grown ruin gray,
The voice of years:
And it spoke of myself, and the years which were gone,
Of hopes which were blighted, and joys which were flown;
Of the wreck of so much that was bright and was fair;
And it made me sad, and I wept to hear,
As it came from yon moss-grown ruin gray,
The voice of years.

And it rose from the grave, with the song of death,
The voice of years:
And I shuddered to hear the tale it told,
Of blighted youth, and hearts grown cold;
And anguish and sorrow which crept to the grave,
To hide from the spoiler the wound which he gave.
And sadly it rose from that home of death,
The voice of years.

But again it passed on the passing breeze,
The voice of years:
And it spoke of a God, who watched us here,
Who heard the sigh, and who saw the tear;
And it spoke of mercy, and not of wo;
There was love and hope in its whispering low;
And I listened to catch, on that passing breeze,
The voice of years.

And it spoke of a pain which might not last,
That voice of years:
And it taught me to think, that the God who gave
The breath of life, could wake from the grave;
And it taught me to see that this beautiful earth
Was not only made to give sorrow birth;
And it whispered, that mercy must reign at last,
That voice of years.

And strangely methought, as it floated by,
That voice of years,
Seemed fraught with a tone from some higher sphere,
It whispered around me, that God was near;

He spoke from the sunbeam; He spoke from the wave;
He spoke from the ruin; He spoke from the grave;
'Twas the voice of God, as it floated by,
That voice of years.

I DREAMED OF A WORLD.

I DREAMED of a world where the flowers never faded,
And rainbows for ever encircled its skies,
And its sunshine by night's gloomy veil was ne'er shaded,
And the race who dwelt in it was one that ne'er dies.

And are there worlds which do not change?
Are there worlds where love may cling?
Still to one, unforced to range,
All its fond affections bring?

Are there worlds where those we love,
Need not pine away, and die?
Where the heart which will not rove,
May, loving, live eternally?

Are there worlds where hearts may beat,
And not time their throbs to pain?
Where they fondly answering meet,
Fearing not to part again?

Are there worlds where passion brings
Not one poison on his breath?
Where no breeze envenomed flings,
Round our steps, the fear of death?

Oh! tell me the world which I dreamed of was true,
And, love, come and seek for its pleasures with me;
Oh! tell me the world which I dreamed of was true,
And, dearest, I'll flee to its bosom with thee.

But tell me of no happiest lot,
Where thou might'st fail to share my bliss,
The brightest world, where thou art not,
I'd leave, to weep and die in this.

To know, that thou wert lone and sad,
Were worse than tears or pain of mine,
And struggling vainly to be glad,
I'd find a misery in thine.

If there's no world where love for ever,
May bind our hearts in constant bliss,

Our pangs, at least, no power may sever
And we may love, and die, in this.

Then tell me, thou canst still love on,
And still I'll linger here with thee,
Nor seek its pain or death to shun,
For, dearest, they are shared with thee.

Then away with the bright world I dreamed of, for there
'Twas sadly and vainly to find thee I strove;
Leave me only this world of the sorrow and tear,
And here, I will cling to, and die with thee, love.

WHO DARES TO SAY THEY DIED?

Who dares to say they died?
The Great who sunk to rest.
What though his might stern death hath tried!
Who dares to say that these have died?
Their memories on the past,
Rise with a heightened power.
No halo of an hour,
But glory's sunbeam, from the grave,
Clinging to what he seeks to save
From dark oblivion, and the night
Which comes with sacrilegious blight,
To doom their names to death.
They rise untarnished from the tomb,
And e'en the grave must lose its gloom,
Stifle its pestilential breath,
To bid them stand forth purely bright.
O'er names like these, how sinks its might!
'Neath its dread power they cannot lie,
For glory will not let them die.

Who dares to say they died?
The good, whose deeds still last,
As moonbeams through the darkness guide
The wanderer, when the day has died,
To light us o'er the waste;
Which round us, wide extending
As desert wild, is blending
Creations wrought by Terror's breath,
The phantoms strange of Hell and Death,
With every new-born hour whose light
Shines sweetly on th' expecting sight,
To wake our thoughts to hope.
As darkness mingles with its beams,
And vice, with feebler powers, seems
Victoriously to cope,
These rise to smile, and bid us know
That virtue lingers still below,
While misery half forgets to sigh,
Dreaming that such could never die.

Who dares to say they died?
Those whom to love we've learned.

They're gone—but yet our hearts have tried
Vainly to think the loved ones died,
And throbbing still, have turned
To long-accustomed feeling,
Which will not seek for healing,
But loves to cling, e'en in the grave,
To the same forms to whom it gave
Its fond affections, all unchecked.
What, though all shattered, it be wrecked
By Disappointment's blast?
The shadows of the loved are here!
See! from the grave their forms appear,
The visions of the past;
It springs to meet them as they rise;
E'en Death forgets his power, and flies,
Nor longer seeks to turn aside
That love which will not think they died.

THE HOME OF HOPE.

In olden times, when Hope was young,
She planted a garden fair;
Bright flowers she scattered all along
Its paths;—no thorns were there.

And when 'twas decked with all that's fair,
She called on men to come;
"Come then," she said, "dwell with me here,
And make this spot your home.

"Here care and sorrow ne'er shall tread,
Ne'er in my paths shall stray;
And here no tears shall e'er be shed—
I'll drive them all away."

Men heard, and thronging to the spot,
Smiled as Hope called them in;
And happy did they deem their lot,
So bright a spot to win.

And wand'ring there, with Hope they smiled,
Forgot what sorrow meant,
And many a weary hour beguiled,
Which else with grief were spent.

Hope loved mankind—was glad to see
How well her plan succeeded,
And all so happy seemed to be,
She now no evil dreaded.

But ah! in one unhappy hour,
Hope left her charge, and slept,
And while she slept, an evil power,
Into her garden crept.

Fear came, and opening wide the gate,
Let Care and Suffering in;
And Grief and Sorrow were not late
To follow in their train.

And then Regret, by Memory led,
To join the concourse came,

And Pain, and Agony, and Dread,
Stepped in, a place to claim.

And e'en Despair, put in his foot,
But linger'd at the gate,
As if to watch the other's lot,
And on their motions wait.

And then alas! poor Mankind wept,
To see that garden spoiled;
For labouring on, while Hope still slept,
To ruin it they toiled.

And not one flower they left uncrushed,
And not one leaf unblighted;
For all lay withering in the dust,
Where Grief and Sorrow lighted.

Hope, wakened by the cries of men,
To aid them now had flown,
But, looking round, scarce knew again,
The garden for her own.

For all its beauties now were fled,
It was no more Hope's home,
When every evil man could dread,
Dared boldly there to roam.

When Fear went scattering thorns around,
And where one bud still bloomed,
And Hope would save it,—Memory frowned,
Fear muttered, "It is doomed."

Hope struggled vainly to drive off
Th' intruders,—begg'd they'd leave her,—
But all in vain, a frown, a scoff,
Was all that they would give her.

And then she thought she'd brave them there,
And laughed as if to slight
Their power; but on her fell Despair
Looked,—and she fled in fright.

She fled, she thought not how, nor where;
She knew not what she did,

She only sought to shun Despair,
And onward, trembling, fled.

Meanwhile, her garden unattended,
No single flower would ope;
Man seeing all his joys thus ended,
Soon fled in search of Hope.

And seeking long the world around,
At last one happy day
The frightened fugitive he found,
Where trembling, hid she lay;

And pleased to meet with one she knew,
"Oh! help me now," she said,
"Let me but stay and dwell with you;
Grant me for once your aid."

While Man, as glad, his part soon chose,
Received her to his breast;
She, in his bosom nestling close,
There seemed content to rest.

And since Hope has no other home,
And seeks not to depart;
Though Sorrow, Fear, and Suffering come,
Her home is still *Man's heart.*

THE VOICE OF THE STAR.

I LOOKED upon the Heaven; it seemed
To menace earth, e'en while it moaned;
Its threatening clouds with terrors teemed,
And in their big wombs tempests groaned.

The storm, the howling winds were there;
The rattling thunder's sullen roar;
With the sharp, vivid lightning's glare,
And of heaven's floods the ceaseless store.

And one dark, threatening cloud hung there,
Like suffering, lowering o'er man's life;
For ever dark, for ever near,
Seeming with every evil rife.

To watch its gloomy darkness lower,
A still, mysterious pleasure gave;
'Twas grand, 'twas awful in its power,
But silent, as th' all conquering grave.

As in a dreamy thoughtfulness,
I looked upon its gloomy might,
The darkness, suddenly, was less,
'Twas broken by a ray of light.

Th' o'erhanging shroud was torn in two,
And o'er its conquered gloom there shone
A star, like Hope, to suffering true,
Which shines on ; though it shine, alone.

It shone in victory, calm and bright
Its lustre, steady, constant, clear,—
I loved to look upon its light,
To me—I scarce knew why—'twas dear.

Perhaps that midst the starry host,
That one, in youth I learned to love ;
'Twas that one, which it pleased me most,
To watch in its bright course above.

That one, I watch, and call it mine,
And fancy that a mystic tie

Its brilliance with my life did twine;
That in its rays my fate must lie.

And now, when brightly clear it shone,
As though to break misfortune's spell,
I fancied still that 'twas mine own,
And dreamed that it my fate could tell.

I looked upon its clear, bright face,
"Oh! genius of my life," I cried,
"'Tis thou, my fate through life can'st trace,
Tell it; in thee, I would confide.

"Thou knowest what of good or ill
Hangs o'er the years which form my life;
To read their course, give me the skill,
Whether in joy, or wo, or strife."

I scarce had finished, ere a voice
Distinct and soft, fell on my ear;
"Mortal," it said, "hadst thou thy choice,
Thou'dst weep when I should grant thy prayer.

"Seek not to rend the future's veil,
Live while thou liv'st, and wait thy doom;
Take what thou hast, of good or ill,
Nor seek to pierce the future's gloom.

"Each moment which with pleasure's filled,
Hail as a gift, kind heaven has sent;
When sorrows upon sorrows build,
Submissive bow, and *be content.*

"To-morrow carries in her lap
Evils which thou may'st have to mourn,
Seek not to read the future's map,
Wait till to-morrow's griefs are born.

"To-day, to-day, hath ills enough—
Then mortal, seek to pierce no farther;
And if thy present road be rough,
Hope waits to point thee to another.

"Listen to her soft whispered tale,
She only speaks of what is *bright;*

And couldst thou read the future well,
Thou'dst learn, her flattering tale to slight.

"Then mortal, think not of to-morrow,
But listen to *Hope's* voice alone,
Hearken to her, if thou'rt in sorrow,
And if in Joy,—*to-day's* thine own."

HIS LIFE WAS LIKE, ETC.

His life was like an April day,
Of mingled smiles and tears,
Which sun and cloud, with varying ray,
Chequered with joys and cares.

Like sunshine shower, tho' tear and smile
Might mingle in his eye,
Young Hope would still each pain beguile,
And check each rising sigh.

The cares of youth, oh! what are they?
Forgotten, soon as born,
The cares of age bear hope away,
~~And peace is from us torn.~~
And misery wakes forlorn.

A misery which glisteneth not
As dew within the eye,

It is a misery unfraught
With plaintive moan or sigh.

It is a misery still but cold,
Which grasps and forms the heart
To Sorrow's hard and roughened mould,
Making our life an art;

An art, which bids us sigh or smile
To please the world, not truth;
Unknown the feelings free from guile,
Which smiled and wept in youth.

The still and quiet calm of age,
The calm of worn-out life,
Shows but the wreck of fear and rage,
Of agony and strife.

'Tis calm, because each feeling crushed,
Can neither hope nor fear,
Each thing we love, may sink to dust,
And scarcely claim a tear.

'Tis only youth, whose April day
Of mingled smiles and tears,
May change with every varying ray,
Of varying hopes and fears.

SHE DREAMS.

She drèams.—Oh! say not 'tis of love;
That eye, so brightly beaming,
Knows nought of passion's ardent gaze,
Unkindled aye by sensual rays,
Pure as yon ether vault above,
It knows not passion, knows not love.

She dreams.—But say not love's unknown;
That eye, so softly drooping,
Has surely seen his shadow near,
And half unconscious, lingers there,
Where once his fluttering wings have flown,
Watching for love, tho' still unknown.

She dreams.—'Tis not, and yet, 'tis love
In that soft eye is nestling,
He is not there, nor yet away;
He cannot fly, yet dares not stay;
But, lingering, cheats her thoughts to rove,
She knows not that she dreams of love.

SPIRIT WATCHERS.

WATCH ye, ye beings not of earth,
Watch ye, o'er things of mortal birth?
Watch ye o'er the weary way,
On which earth-born pilgrims stray?
Watch ye o'er the wanderer's tear?
Watch ye o'er his trembling step?
When he sorrows can ye hear?
Spirits, can ye see him weep?
Watch ye for him, spirits?—Say,
Watch ye o'er the wanderer's way?

STAR SPIRIT.

Rest thee, weary one; we're watching,
Heaven commissioned, stars are burning.
Thou, thy anxious slumbers, snatching,
Broken oft, to heaven still turning,

There, midst beams of glory, readest
Comfort, thou in sorrow needest;
There, thy tearful eye may see,
Weary one, we watch for thee.

OCEAN SPIRIT.

Spirit of the foamy billow,
From my ocean-bed, I rise.
Hear me, on thy restless pillow
Answering to yon starlit skies.
Hear me now, in murmuring numbers,
Tempt thee on, to tranquil slumbers.
Hear me, bid thee sleep and rest thee;
What tho' sorrows have distrest thee:
Hist! the music of the sea,
Is, "Weary one, we watch for thee."

RIVER SPIRIT.

The ripple of the dancing stream
Woos thee, too, to tranquil dream.

As the bursting of each bubble,
On the river's sparkling face,
Let it pass, each shadowy trouble,
Nor its gloomy course retrace.
Weary mourner, cease to weep,
Tired, care-worn, sink to sleep,—
Let thy anxious sorrows be;—
Weary one, we watch for thee.

SUNBEAM SPIRIT.

Glancing from yon sparkling river,
Hear me echo back its tone,
Heaven's mandate I deliver,
Troubled spirit, cease thy moan.
Pain has found his home on earth,
But joy, too, has there his birth;
Mortal, rear its struggling being,
Or the young thing will be fleeing.
Nurse not wo; too surely found,
He will touch thee in his round;

And yet, not wholly his, for Heaven,
Mingled joy and grief has given,
Misery is not its decree;
It bids us, tired one, watch for thee.

WIND SPIRIT.

Whistling in the storm,
Sighing in the gale,
With a viewless form
Now rushing through the vale,
Now on mountain tops, crushing mightiest trees,
Now whispering gently to thee, on the softest breeze.
Hear me, from the zephyr stooping,
As it sighs thro' yonder tree;
Raise that eye, so sadly drooping,
Wake thy heart again to hoping:
From each rustling leaf I speak,
Wake to joy, tired mourner, wake,
We are watching, still, for thee.

SPIRIT OF THE LEAVES.

Waked by the winds, we turn to see
  Misery,—mortal,—on thy brow.
Pain and wo, not new to thee,
  Sorrow hugs thee, sad one, now.
Mortal, wherefore dost thou weep?
Hush thee, mourner, hush and sleep,
While our soothing song shall be,
" Weary one, we watch for thee."

DREAM SPIRIT.

Hide thee, from this world of care,
  Mortal, sleep.
On thy lash tho' hangs the tear,
  Cease to weep.
Lulled in tranquil slumbers lie,
  We are here.
Angels forms are flitting by,
  Ever near.

Dream, we'll whisper thee of things
Brighter than the world e'er brings.
Sleep, and we will wake for thee,
Visions soft, as dreams may be.
Weary wanderer, rest, and we
Will be watching still for thee.
Guardian angels, round thee hover,
Mortal, rest.
With their spirit-wings they cover
Thy torn breast.
Rest, weary one, for thou art free
From harm, whilst these still watch for thee.
God is near thee,
Mortal, sleep.
He can hear thee,
Sad one, weep.
He is watching for thee too,
For He pities mortal wo.
When yon pallid moonbeams reach thee,
Through the night they seek to quell,
'Tis a sign He sends to teach thee,
That He watches for thee still.

When the rainbow's Iris hue,
Wakes upon thy tearful view,
'Tis a symbol that He 's near thee,
When thou prayest, that He can hear thee.
When the evening star is glistening,
Lonely in her early watch,
'Tis to show, that He is listening,
Still thy broken sighs to catch.
And when before day's waking ray,
The hosts of heaven fade fast away,
If the morning-star, still beaming,
Lingers when the rest are gone,
'Tis that with its kindly gleaming,
It would teach, thou'rt not alone.
Rest thee, then, whate'er thy cares,
God is near, He sees thy tears.
Rest, whate'er thy sorrows be,
He watches, weary one, for thee.

POOR NANNIE.

Late was the hour, and dark the night,
Sharply and chill the cold winds blew,
And gathering clouds bedimmed the light
Which some faint stars still struggling threw.

And still as each a cloud o'ercasts,
And murkier grows the gloomy night,
Howling their rage upon the wastes,
December's blasts are in their might.

Nature in terror seems to moan;
The tardy labourer seeks his home,
And shudders, as he hastens on,
That some through such a night must roam.

And now upon the blast there seems
To rise a soft, a plaintive tone.
He stops, and listening turns, but deems
'Twas but the wind, and hastens on.

Again upon his ear it falls,
Again its soft tone makes him start;
It seems a woman's voice that calls
For pity from the gentle heart.

He turns, resolved to face the blast,
That in its fury threatens death,
He shrinks not from the dreary waste;—
A woman 's dying near his path!

And as he turns, the thrilling tones
Again sweep by upon the air.
He pauses, though a woman moans!
'Tis not the tempest bids him fear.

No; he has courage which would meet
The warring elements in arms;
Nor would the sturdy woodman's feet
Turn back from any mortal harms.

But he has heard a whispered tale
Of evil Spirits in the gloom;

Which says, that when they weep and wail,
Through midnight storms, 'tis o'er a tomb;

An empty tomb, which, ere the morn,
They seek to fill with human corse;
And weep, that wanderers forlorn
May yield them to their hellish force:

Then, wandering through the dreary waste,
They meet their ~~dreary~~ fearful unwept doom,
And hear, borne on the wintry blast,
The dirge which fiends howl o'er their tomb.

'Tis this he dreads; and as the sad
And plaintive sound once more he hears,
He turns away his hurried tread,
And e'en to listen now he fears.

And hastening on, in whistling winds
He fancies still the ghostly wail;
Trembling, at last, his cottage finds,
And shuddering tells the fearful tale.

And was it then some demon foul
  Which sought to mock the wanderer's ear?
Or yet, some evil damnéd soul,
  Thirsting his dying groans to hear?

Oh no! that sound was what it seemed,
  A feeble woman's plaintive moan.
Nor evil demon, sprite, nor fiend,
  But a poor mortal's dying groan.

For on that bare and trackless field,
  There lay a being, fair, but frail;
Whose bosom once with pride had swelled,
  At what her tears ~~did~~ must now bewail.

Alas! her fatal beauty led
  To shame, and houseless misery;
And now, the earth her dying bed,
  She mourned her hapless destiny.

And, as far o'er the gloom, she sees
  A twinkling taper's feeble light,

" Alas!" she sighs, " what happy days
My folly, in their bloom, could blight!

" Where burns that feeble taper's blaze,
I, with my aged father, dwelt;
And happy was I with his praise,
The greatest pleasure that I felt.

" When with a parent's joy, he'd gaze
Upon the daughter of his love,
And then his trembling hands would raise,
To call a blessing from above;

" And then would press me to his heart,
Call me his own, his dearest one,
And then tears to his eyes would start,
As he'd pray God for me alone.

" But then came one, whose flattering tongue,
To win me from my father, strove.
Alas! I listened, and e'er long,
He made me fly a father's love.

"And when I wept my home to leave,
And fear and doubt were on my brow,
He whispered that I must not grieve,—
Said I should be *his* Nannie, now.

"I trusted. And could I forget
The love my father bore his child?
I only was his all, and yet
I fled, by treachery beguiled.

"I fled, and left him here alone,
His gray hairs sinking to the grave;
I fled, and left him here to mourn
That daughter, whom his love forgave.

"Yes; for they tell me, when he should
Have called down curses on my head,
Low in the dust, to heaven he bowed,
And still for his poor Nannie prayed.

"And now I hear that he is sick,
That age and wo his life-blood numb;

That grief his worn-out heart must break,
And sorrow drive him to the tomb.

"And vainly have I sought the way,
To soothe one pang, to dry one tear;
That I might kneel to him and say,
'Father, your wandering Nannie's here.'"

She hushed, and the loud raging storm
Howled louder as it swept along,
And seemed to mock the fragile form,
Whose fate upon its fury hung.

Far roars the blast, the forests groan;
Ruin all nature doth survey,
And seems to claim it as its own;
All nature bows, and owns its sway.

* * * * *

But hushed at last, the storm is done,
Calmly the wrecks of nature lie,
And brightly now, the rising sun
Smiles from the clear, unclouded sky.

But where is she, who late bewailed
The cruel wind's relentless rage?
Was it her sad complaints prevailed,
That Ruin ceased his war to wage?

And did she reach her father's home?
And may she close his dying eye?
And may she, though with sorrow dumb,
Show him his Nannie, ere he die?

The old man lay upon his bed;
Alone he wept his daughter's fate,
Near him he hears a stranger's tread;
He turns,—her corpse is at his feet.

Calmly he looks, one word, one sigh
Escape not from his aged lips,
He looks on that dull, clouded eye,
And from its lids the cold frost wipes.

He seeks to dry the frozen tears
Which glisten on those pallid cheeks,

His weak hand drops, and all his cares,
Death's touch, at once, now kindly checks.

And low in one cold grave they lie,
To dust by stranger hands conveyed;
No stone to draw the pitying eye
Is o'er their earthy mansion laid.

And winter's blast, and summer's sun,
Have passed upon this silent spot,
And gloomy autumn hastens on,
And none have come to mourn their lot.

Yet there is one who should have wept
His ruined Nannie's hapless doom,
That one who like a serpent crept,
And stole her from her father's home.

* * * * *

And now by the receding light
Of the bright sun that sinks to rest,
Behold a stranger gaily dight,
To yon lone cottage rides in haste.

And when he sees its ruined walls,
The still grave, now the only home
Of those, whose semblance memory calls,
The living image, from the tomb;

And when he hears the mournful tale,
Which those can tell who laid them there,
Sighs bid at length his bosom swell,
And in his eye glistens a tear.

Dashing his hand across his brow,
Plunging his rowels in his steed,
He hurries on, and seeks to throw
Off memory with his courser's speed.

But still, as hastening on, he'd hide
The woful scene of misery,
He fancies Nannie by his side,
Th' upbraider of his treachery.

And borne upon the gentle breeze,
A murmuring sigh sounds in his ear,

And a low whispering voice, which says,
"What, has poor Nannie ~~not~~ *but* one tear?"

Ah! few the sighs her misery
From that light, thoughtless heart can draw,
And seldom on her memory
He deigns a backward glance to throw.

In the gay world he drowns the wo
Which for one moment swelled his breast;
Grown cold as is the frozen snow,
His heart grief seldom can molest.

And now he haunts its dazzling glare,
And laughs, and there his smiles are many,
But few the thoughts he gives that tear,
Which once he shed for his poor Nannie.

THE DREAM OF LIFE.

A STRUGGLE, pang, a gasp, and 'tis commenced,
A bubble which we grasp at, and which bursts;
A flower we seize, but to retain a thorn;
A star, which brightly glimmering, is too cold
To warm us with the ray which wakes our hope;
A winter's sunbeam glancing o'er the ice,
To mock us with its cheating show of warmth;
A tantalizing joy, we only grasp
To find its falsity; a hope which fades;
A dreary desert waste, of anxious thought,
Resting itself on its own weariness.
And gasping for relief, beyond the ken,
E'en of its own ungoverned fancy's flights;
And thus our dream progresses. And then comes,
Amidst the gaping ennui which remains,

To point us back towards its troubled course,
(As though it were a thing we should regret,)
One other struggle, pang, one other gasp,
And thus it ends. And this our world,
The theatre of all our fleeting fancies,
What is it now? Go ask yon grinning skull,
And in its silence, find thine answer given.
'Tis nothing, fool! for now thy dream is done,
And life has past away between those gasps
Which marked its entrance and its exit made,
And thou hast lived, for what? vain fool! canst tell?
Was't glory tempted thee? or love? or fame?
Pleasure or riches? learning's hidden depths?
What Will o' Wisp has dragged thee on so far,
To leave thee here? Ha! ha! turn once again
To thy mute monitor. Like thee, he laboured.
Now, within the dust which clings around
Yon fleshless skull, find all which he may own
Of this—like thine—his world. Thy lesson learned,
To know that life is emptiness, the world,
A cradle but for nothingness and Death,

Then go, and like the crowd who've struggled on,
In the same track thou treadest, struggle thou
In meteor chase, until thy respite comes,
And thou perforce shalt sink to rest, and cease,
Like them, to dream.

ZEPHYR AND THE FLOWER.

Laden with dew, it bowed its head,
While on its leaves the moisture thrown
Like tear-drops o'er its face was spread,
As tho' it wept for pleasures gone.

It seemed to mourn the sister flowers
Which withering now, were round it laid,—
And which weighed down by summer showers
Waited not winter's frosts,—to fade.

But Zephyr mourns;—his fav'rite weeps;
And sighing, as he passing flies,
He gently to her bosom creeps
Awhile, with sympathising sighs.

And fanning dry each glistening tear,
He lifts the mourning blossom's head,
Who once more smiles, as tho' all fear,
And trace of sorrow now were fled.

'Tis thus that sympathy may soothe
The many ills she cannot cure.
When kindness seeks our path to smooth,
We learn to smilingly endure.

The greatest agony of wo
Is—that it is a *lonely thing*,
Whose frighted weakness can but know
The solitude its sufferings bring.

~~But~~ but 'tis when Grief is borne alone,
And—despot in its misery,—
Allows no brother near the throne,
We feel its deep intensity.

THE BLOOD-STAINED ROSE.

"Qui que tu sois,—voici ton maître,
Il l'est, le fut, ou le doit être."

The fair white rose can beauties boast,
But when we see the lovely blush
Which decks her sister, who can most
Admire the pallid blossom's hue?
Or who his heartfelt praise can hush,
Nor feel how much that praise is due?

And yet they say, this blushing flower
Pale as her sister is once grew;
And how 'twas changed, and by what power,
I soon will make you know full well,
If to a tedious tale, though true,
You'll deign to listen while I tell.

In days when fairies danced their round,
And divers elfin sports did play;

When every beauteous spot they found,
By tiny steps was often traced,
And made to sound with laughter gay—
In those blest days my story's placed.

"Once on a time," there was a group
Of these light, joyous beings chanced
From airy course their flight to stoop,
And on a flowery spot descended,
Where long with lightsome step they danced
Till daylight with night's gloom was blended.

But fairies dare not to prolong
Their dance, and games, when daylight's near;
The moon may listen to their song,
Peep o'er the meadows while they play,
But the sun's dazzling light they fear,
And vanish with his dawning ray.

Thus the gay group of whom I sing,
Scarce saw the first faint light of day,
Ere breaking up their joyous ring,

Each whispered that the dance was done,
"And now," they cried, "away, away,
We vanish with the rising sun."

But one, who feared that change of place,
Might never find a spot so fair,
Proposed that from the sun's bright face,
They each should hide till evening came,
And, with the fading daylight's glare,
Renew their sports, the spot the same.

Each pleased with the proposal seemed,
And all they asked was, where to hide?
For e'en the bravest of them deemed,
'Twould be unsafe to face Sol's ray.
But soon this difficulty died,
They sought not long where they should stay;

For soon a refuge near they found,
And each, into some opening blossom
Crept, for the flowers grew thick around,

There safe from danger hid they lay,
And, quiet in some flowret's bosom,
They slept away the garish day.

The fairies knew that thorns oft grew,
And guarded round the sweetest flower,
But ah! another danger too,
Of which they never thought, was there,
A danger, which, until that hour,
They ne'er before had learned to fear.

And while they guarded 'gainst each thorn,
Blunted each point which could distress them,
They dreamed not that their bosoms torn,
Might soon be, by another power,
Who lay in ambush to oppress them,
And only waited for his hour.

That hour soon came; for as the sun
Was sinking in his ocean bed,
Thinking the day was almost done,

And almost past was danger's hour,
Each fairy raised his little head,
And 'gan to peep above his flower.

Then was it that the tyrant Love,
Who, patient, long his chance had watched;
And on a bending bough above
Their heads had kept his guard all day,
And all his plans for victory hatched,
While hidden close his victims lay—

Then ~~And~~, when they dared to peep above
Their flowery walls, and look around,
Ah! then it was, the tyrant Love
Aimed his sharp arrows at each heart,
And ere they knew from whence the wound,
They felt the piercing weapon's smart.

Each writhed with suffering, as he felt
The point pierce deep into his heart,
And when Love lit amongst them, knelt

To crave compassion from the God.
Love smiled, and as they feared his dart,
Threw it far off from where he stood.

" Fear not," he said, " you've felt my might,
'Tis all I aimed at; fear no more,
To who submits, my wound is light,
But hard to him who would resist;
Bend therefore low, and own my power,
And to oppose it now desist."

Love smiled so sweet, and talked so fair,
And had so late his strength, too, shown,
The fairy-group, well pleased to hear
That he no farther harm would do,
Scarce heard him finish, ere they'd flown
To bow and pay all homage due.

One only stood,—silent, apart,—
Swelling with anger and disdain,
A lady fair, whose flinty heart,

By many a fairy suitor sought,
Had still made all their suings vain ;
For sweet words ne'er that heart had caught.

" Shall I too, bow," she said, " to Love ?
Shall I too own the tyrant's might,
Forbid it, all ye powers above !
The fairy race their birth may shame
Submitting ; but the wound's not light
Which shall force *me* to blot my fame.

" No power shall see me bow my head,
Or crouch beneath a tyrant's rod,
With servile voice I ne'er have prayed,
And bow not with yon coward troup ;
I dare thy power, audacious God,
'Tis not to-day I'll learn to stoop."

'Twas thus the beauteous fairy spoke,
While on the pale white rose she stood ;
That rose from which she shelter took

To shun the sultry heat of day ;
From that she looked down on the crowd,
Scornful to see them homage pay.

Love saw her, heard her scornful speech,
And smiling said, " Ah ! lady fair,
You think my arrows cannot reach,
While on yon rose you're perched aloft ;
But, beauty, of my power beware,
My pride is to make hard hearts soft."

He then the sharpest arrow chose,
That e'er was in Love's quiver found,
Nor, on the fairy of the rose,
His threatened vengeance long delayed ;
The arrow flew,—a bleeding wound
Deep in her inmost heart was made.

Paler than e'en the rose's hue
Became that beauteous fairy's face.
The arrow to its aim so true,

The deeper for resistance found,
E'en to the heart's core forced a place,
Rankling, with barbed point, the wound.

Unlike those slighter ones, which did
But skin-deep pierce the easier hearts,
This, deep within the bosom hid,
Must vainly seek a speedy cure,
For common means, and common arts,
But aid the sufferer to endure.

Love saw that he his point had gained,
As the rebellious fairy sank,
And through her wound, the heart's blood drained
O'er the white rose, was scattered round,
While the pale leaves its colour drank,
'Till stained, they were more beauteous found.

'Twas all he asked, his only end
Was that his strength should be allowed;
And now that he his point had gained,

He left as symbol of his power,
To make his might by all avowed,
The once white rose, the blood-stained flower.

Then, maidens, when the red rose blooms,
Remember what may be your fate,
And bow to Love, before he dooms
You, like the fairy of the flower.
Learn here,—ere yet it be too late
That none on earth can dare his power.

THE POET'S DREAM.

'Tis a beam, which through morning clouds still glanceth
bright,
Driving night from her throne, waking nature to light,
'Tis yon meteor which flasheth athwart the broad sky,
Which born midst the darkness, mid'st darkness must die.

'Tis the moonbeam which glanceth so bright o'er the wave
To seek in the bosom which bore it,—its grave,
'Tis the roar of the sea, with its angry waves dashing;
'Tis the voice of the storm; 'tis the lightning's flashing.

'Tis the whisper of Zephyr; the stars' brightest beaming;
'Tis the murmur of leaves; 'tis the form of our dreaming,
'Tis the wordless idea; 'tis the soul of a passion;
An embryo thought, which must die in creation.

It struggles,—but vainly it struggles for birth,
For it was not,—it is not,—ne'er can be of earth;

'Tis the vision, the loveliest, the frailest, the fairest;
The thought which is brightest, and freest, and dearest.

Invisible wing, through the universe sweeping,
In joy and in sorrow, its light pinions steeping;
'Tis nothing; 'tis all things; 'tis thought's wildest swarm;
'Tis the Dream of the Poet,—the form without form.

THE POET'S HØME.

Oh! where is the land where his spirit would dwell,
And his shackled thought be free?
Where his pent-up sighs may freely swell
The bosom, which dares not now to tell
How it longs in that land to be!

Is it East? Is it West? that poet home,—
In air? or earth? or sea?
Or must his wearied spirit roam
To some far-distant world, to come
Where it feels that it dares be free?

Wake! wake ye! ye visions wild; and say,
Ye rulers of his will,
Where is that world from whence ye stray,
Which beckoning on with meteor-ray
Half showing, ye conceal?

Oh! where is that home?—ye point it afar,
And I gaze,—but a gilded cloud,
As it floats on the gently wafting air,
Is all that my eye can fix on there;
A shadow of light and good.

Alas! for his hope and the home which he sought!
A cloud, glanced on by a beam!
And that world of the poet's wandering thought;
And the fair, and the bright with which 'tis fraught,
Are the visions of a dream!

His brain, with the teemings of Fancy is rife,
And lit by her flickering gleam,
His tears and his smiles, and his inward strife,
His sorrows, his joys, his hope, and his life
Pass like yon cloud with its beam.

But though fickle and light, as a gossamer wing,
By the breeze wafted idly along,
Oh! still to the joys of that dream will he cling,
Still grasp at the shadows which fancy can bring,
Still live in the breath of his song.

And, blest in his dream, which can drive off life's scenes,
With which he oft wearied has striven,
For though but supported on Fancy, he leans,
By a meteor propped scattered sunbeams he gleans,
And on gilded clouds soars towards heaven.

THE FIRST BEAM OF LIGHT.

WHENCE came it? that beam which first over our earth
Burst so startlingly forth, calling beauty to birth?
Whence came it? the bright and all-hallowing ray,
O'er a world sunk in darkness, to wake it to day?
Whence came it? that glance o'er the universe sending
A new birth, whence light and love, joy and hope blending,
May live in to-day, and hope on for to-morrow,
Till earth almost forgets, that in darkness and sorrow,
From the womb of Old Chaos she struggled in night,
Knowing nought of the unheard-of vision of light?
Whence came it? the ray which, a new life bestowing,
Showed a universe, young in its loveliness, glowing?
The earth was cold and hard, and beauty slept;
And th' o'erhanging clouds, e'en when they wept,
Wept only tears of ice.
The ocean heaved in darkness; and its wave
Murmured in sorrow, and its low voice gave
But moans and whispered sighs:

And 'twas not night, for night has stars and beams
Of broken brightness; and its darkness seems
The remnant of a lingering light, which sinks,
But will not die; and struggling still, which links
E'en night, with hope.—But it was darkness,—still,
Cold, leaden darkness, not of earth, but hell.
A thing all horror, and a sealed-up tomb,
Where unborn life, wrapped in a changeless gloom,
But waked to agony, then sank away,
Cheered by no hope,—or baptized by no ray
Of heavenly light.—Oh! was not this the hell,
Which priests, to fright us, tell,
A holy God has made?
Where, o'er the sinner's head,
Eternal vengeance breaking,
His heart with anguish racking,
The frighted thing may learn,
When too late to repent,
A God with hate can burn,
And goodness not relent?
If this were hell,—bigot, its terrors faded
When Love looked down.—A world with horrors shaded,

But caught his glance, and struggled to be bright;
He smiled, and lo! creation basked in light.
The voice Omnipotent was heard;
The powerful and all-conquering word;—
"Let there be light," it said, and forth there sprung
A beam celestial; which, o'er nature flung
The light of heaven,
The ray, which given
To suffering man, he looked above
And knew his God, the God of love.
His smile, o'er prostrate nature gleaming,
She basked within its cheerful beaming,
Nor, satisfied but to receive,
Cast back as much as she could give.
And every smile from heaven that fell,
Reflected back to heaven would tell,
How love may pay a love bestowed,
And man can emulate his God.
He from that smile of Heaven then caught
The ray which lights the blind,
And thence his darkened mind was taught
To love, and to be kind.

'Twas thence he learned, that this was day,
And this the light of Peace;
That this could chase e'en hell away,
And turn e'en pain to bliss.

To love, and be beloved again,
The lesson learned from heaven,
To him who hears it not, in vain
That beam of light was given.

Though brightness shines around, he turns,—
His heart in darkness lives;
Heaven stoops to bless him,—and he spurns
The dearest boon it gives.

MY DEAD.

'Tis still;—no footfall's sound I hear,
But yet, there's something lingering near;
'Tis dark:—no object meets the eye,
But still, a shadow passes by:
Ye're here,—my dead!

In the midnight gloom, I see ye near,
In the hush of night your voices hear,
And I weep not then,—but I gaze, and deem
These airy forms are the things they seem.—
My dead! my dead!

And hands are cold which are locked in mine,
And stiff those arms which embraced I twine;
And dim the eyes which for me are bright,
As ye move around me, with footsteps light,
My dead! my dead!

And no mortal breath nor voice is heard,
Yet my heart beats high, and my thoughts are stirred,
And ye commune of things which I may not know,
And mysteries dark yourselves are now,
My dead! my dead!

But it softens my heart to know you near,
And I love to think that my words you hear;
And I turn to you when with sorrow worn,
And remember that you have lived, and borne
Like me, my dead!

When mortal suffering meets my eye,
If I'd coldly pass my brother by,
I remember that you have suffered and wept,
And kindness into my heart has crept,
For ye, my dead!

When angry passions rise and swell,
And demon powers my bosom fill,
I remember that you from passion are free,
And drive them off, as I think on ye,
My dead! my dead!

Then watch with me still, in the midnight gloom;
Oh! wake ye, my dead, from your silent tomb,
In the hush of night, still let me hear
Your voices, strange to mortal ear,—
Watch with me, my dead!

And be with me still as I pass thro' life,
And counsel me still, in sorrow, or strife;
And if grief or joy should beat too high,
Then whisper, that soon like you I die,—
Live with me, my dead!

And if heavily weighs of anguish the load,
Still teach me to bow to the mandates of *God;*
To humbly pray a balm for the wo,
Submit to a will that I may not know,—
Pray with me, my dead!

And when life must pass, and the hand of Death
Grasps the spasm'd throat while it gasps for breath,
Then whisper that soon the end must be,
And tell me, that ye have died like me;
Be with me, my dead!

YE'RE BORN TO DIE.

On summer's eve, an opening bud
Cast its fragrance through the wood,
Sweetly blooming seemed the flower,
Born to ope in beauty's bower.
But tho' in forest wild it sprung,
Where wide the oaks their branches flung,
Where the forest giants stood,
Where man's step a stranger trod,
Where all was rough, and wild, and drear,
The timid thing (like Beauty's tear,
Which will not, may not be refused,
But brighter glistens, harshlier used,
Until the rudest hearts will cower,
They scarce know why,—to Beauty's power)
Seemed to deem that roughest thing
Its tribute at her feet must fling;
To feel,—that e'en where mightiest spring
The branches of the forest-king,

'Twas not for her to stoop,—e'en there
She still might reign, for she was fair.
But through the forest,—hark! a sigh;
'Tis mourning Zephyr passing by.
"Sprung from earth, in dust to lie,
Why so fair? Thou'rt born to die."

A butterfly, which on the breeze,
Borne in random course along,
Had stooped, the budding thing to kiss,
And o'er its nascent beauties hung,
Droops its wing,—its life is o'er;
Perishing with yon fair flower,
Together sinking on Earth's breast,
One note may hush them to their rest,
Hist! 'tis in the passing sigh,—
"Fragile things,—ye're born to die."

Proudly, see (its massy form
Rearing o'er their humble tomb,
As tho' unheeding of the storm
Which, roaring, threats a sudden doom)

The Oak its unscathed branches spread;
And tho' some splintered wrecks be strown,
With withering leaves commingled thrown,
They seem but tokens o'er the dead,
Which Memory casts to mark the place,
And show us—what 'tis dear to trace—
Where those we love have sunk away,
And dust to dust, and clay to clay,
To us are but as things unborn,
Save that they've taught us how to mourn,
And rise as spectres from their sleep,
Midst fairest scenes to bid us weep.

Proudly o'er their relics bending,
While the storm is vainly spending
All its rage, he seems to dare,
Scarce heed the war, that's waging there.

See the lightning's flash!
Hark! the o'erwhelming crash!
The roar of thunder, through the forest sounding,
Loudly it calls, (earth's trembling caves resounding,)
"Die! die!—thou thing of earth,
Whate'er thy strength,—thy birth

Has marked thy doom.—
Die.—Thou wert born,—thou liv'st but for the tomb."

'Tis ruin all. Tree, flower, and insect lie,
One formless wreck; for all were born to die.

Heed it not,
The wooing tone
Of the Siren Pleasure singing,
Know thy lot—
Man has but one,—
Life to Death is ever bringing
Victims for the tomb;
Fairest things that bloom,
Only to fade away,
Only to smile to-day,
That to-morrow, Death may be
Glutted, but as yesterday.

See, the eyeless spectre!—What doth he glare withal?
Hark! a tongueless voice!—whence comes the fearful call?

"Ye're mine!—Strength, beauty, youth, shrink not.—
Ye're mine!
Truer than love's,—these fleshless arms entwine
In close embrace.—And vainly would ye shun,
Poor fools! your lot.—'Tis here.—Earth has but one.
That moment ye woke to life's struggling sigh,
That moment declared,—ye were born but to die;
And the pang which first called you from torpor to
breath,
Was the stamp and the seal of your mortgage to Death."

THE FIRE-FLY.

STARLIGHT gilds the gloomy hour,
Startled darkness shrinks away;
Heavenly beams, with radiant power,
Imitate the light of day.

Whence the fluttering, weakly gleam
Glancing through the placid night?
The fire-fly apes the sky's bright beam!
Soars heavenward with its tiny light.

As though it hoped to yonder star,
Its dwarfish brightness it might rear,
And glimmering feebly from afar,
Would seem the heavenly light to dare.

Fool, thing!—as spurning thus the earth,
To which, alone, its ray is bright,

It seemed to scorn its humble birth,
Speaking thus,—I checked its flight.

"Flitting in thy transient light,
From thy grassy bed arising,
Thinkest thou, because thou'rt bright,
The world is only worth despising?

"With yon studded sky, dost deem
Thy broken light can bear comparing?
Alas! how weak thine efforts seem—
The fire-fly,—heaven's effulgence daring!

"Thou, but for a summer's eve,
With inconstant light art gleaming;
Dares thy littleness to grieve,
That yon stars more bright are beaming?

"Sink, then, to thy native earth,
Nor with rival splendour vying,
But expose thy lowly birth,
As each effort fades in dying."

Lo! the fluttering insect pausing,
Turns to earth its humble course,
And its glittering pinions closing,
Thus began to hold discourse:

"Mortal, who so wisely teachest
How to check Ambition's flight,
Aim'st thou but at what thou reachest?
Seek'st thou no forbidden height?

"Hast thou never, boldly soaring,
Dared to track some higher sphere?
Brighter realms than Earth's exploring,
Sighed to fall and find thee here?

"What though thou, like me, must find—
Born to Earth, doomed to regretting—
Vainly that the restless mind
Seeks to soar, its birth forgetting.

"Visions bright to Earth exiled,
Of fantastic hopes repented,

Let us to home be reconciled,
Learn at least to be contented."

Shrinking, then, the humbled thing—
All its higher visions fled,—
Folding its ambitious wing,
Hid it in its earthy bed.

Poor insect, who so boldly chidest
At my hopes, which soar too high,
As thy starlit wing thou hidest,
Must *they* veil their light and die?

No!—Thus far thy lesson learning,
Of fantastic hopes repented,
To my earthy home returning,
I will seek to be contented;

I will learn like thee to lay me
Where Heaven points my resting-place,
But *one* hope—will that betray me?—
Lingers still, bright thoughts to trace.

Higher views than earth's inspiring,
Tremblingly its pencil gilds;
Crouched to earth, it learns aspiring,
Humbly daring, now it builds.

Fancy, now, no more is proud;
Trembling Reason scarce dares sway me:
Doubts o'er every path are strewed,
Still I trust 'twill not betray me.

Bent to earth, bowed down by fear,
Our highest hopes are only given,
When humbled, shrinking, still we dare,
Crouched in dust, to dream of heaven.

THE SUNBEAM SPRITE.

It wandered through air, and it wandered o'er earth,
Till wearied, the tired thing sighed for its home,
And longed for the sunbeam, the place of its birth,
That found, oh! never again would it roam.

But the longer it sought, still the less was its hope,
And bewildered and sad was that Sunbeamy Sprite,
For midst earth's brightest things, there was nothing to cope
With its own loved home, with its sunbeam bright.

And he gazed at the glorious orb of day,
And he fluttered his wearied wings in vain;
For alas! it was shining so far away!
Oh! where could he hope e'er to rest again?

As his saddened eye he cast wearedly round,
It lit on a snow-capped mountain top;

So dazzlingly it glistened, he thought he had found
A warm, bright, resting-place, where he might stop.

But alas! when his tired wings had reached
The far-off place, which so brightly shone,
There was ice and snow all around him stretched,
And cold, freezing cold, reigned there alone.

And the ice, with its rainbow hues, here, there
He touched, as he saw it round him lie.
'Twas so cold, that he shrank away with a tear,
And wished that a Sunbeam Sprite could die.

Then he laid him down, as it were his home,
For despair had seized him;—his hope was now,
That some strange numbness like death might come,
And wrap him, in torpor, from pain and wo.

But lo! afar off shining,
Beams the still river's breast.
Upon it, lies reclining,
As 'twere a bed of rest,

As bright a beam, as heaven could send,
With things of earth to live and blend.

My home! my home! cried the joyous sprite,
As the glistening stream caught his dazzled eye,
Oh! yonder's my home, so loved and so bright,
And he clapped his tiny hands for joy.

And away he flew, for fresh strength was given,
By the new hope, sprung in his wearied breast,
And his eye was still fixed on the beam, which heaven,
He fancied, had sent to give him rest.

And he playfully fluttered his wings, and stopped,
One instant, balanced above the waves,
Then closing them quickly, down he dropped—
Poor sprite! 'tis not there, the rest he craves.

For if it might be that a sprite could die,
This hour were the last to that wretched thing,
As useless and wet his pinions lie,
The wave whirls him round—he has nowhere to cling.

Plaything of the flood, and resistless he lay,
For, to struggle he had nor the heart, nor the strength,
Till, at last, he was thrown by the rough dashing spray,
On the river's bank, extended at length.

And he raised him there, in doleful plight,
As down his cheek streamed many a tear,
And a sorry sight was that sunbeam sprite,
As, dripping and wet, he stood shivering there.

A beauteous blossom, near him blowing,
Seemed, in its opening bosom, glowing
With heat from heaven, so kindly sent.
Thought the sprite, as thither his steps he bent,
I'll bask me there, in the sunny ray,
And drive this shivering fit away.

And slowly and toilsomely, he dragged him along,
And his draggled wings swept in the dust, as he past;
And 'twas but with much toilsome effort among
Its fragrant leaves that he rested, at last.

But there he was, and there for awhile
He fancied his present toil was done,
And basking beneath the sun's warm smile
Deemed, at last, that his resting-place was won.

But the God of his worship is passing away,
Sol sinks 'neath the ocean, and fast fades the day,
And the flowret's bosom grows chill as the tomb,
And the night-dews weep over its withering bloom.

And the tired wanderer shuddering sees
The curtain of night fast descending around,
While mournfully past him is sighing the breeze,
As tho' sorrowing over the woes he has found.

Dark, sombre night!—'Twas strange to him,
Who ever had lived in the sun's bright ray,
And who never of darkness in fancy could dream,
For a sunbeam sprite knows nought but of day.

And he gazed around at the darkening view,
And deemed that some horrible wonder was near;

And shuddered, as darker and darker it grew!
Who can guess, how the poor thing was trembling
with fear?

A ray of hope is round him gleaming,
See how brightly near him beaming,
Cynthia's eye attracts his gaze!
Could he not warm him in its rays?

Doubtful, and trembling, the heart-sickened thing
Crept from the flower; its bruised wing
It dragged along,—for it could not fly,
Till it basked in the light of that beaming eye.

Did he find what he sought?
Was there warmth? was there rest?—
'Twas colder than ever, the poor thing thought,
As he wrung his hands, and sore distrest,
He flung him down on the chilly earth,
Cursing the hour which gave him birth.

And he cursed the earth, and he cursed the sky,
E'en his own loved beam, where he was nursed;

It was shining so far away on high,
'Twas nought to him; and its light he cursed,
Which could shine for others, and leave him here,
The victim of suffering, cold, and fear.

And, as he looked round on the thickening night,
How he shook with horror, that anguished sprite,
As he wondered if he were a devil now,
To dwell with darkness, despair, and wo;
And thought it was hell, which he had found,
And trembled at his own curses' sound.
Oh! despair seized the heart of that wo-worn sprite,
As he gazed at the ever-darkening night.

* * * *

Gently as the moon's first beaming,
Casts its softly trembling ray,
Is there light? or is he dreaming?
Is't but his crazed fancy's day?
There's surely something lingering near,
To talk of hope, and dry his tear.
Unlike the light on the mountain height,
Unlike the cheating river's shining,

Unlike the eye, which could bid him die,
Without e'en a look which spoke repining;
There was a light so gently beaming,
So softly bright, yet so enduring,
That once again the poor Sprite, dreaming,
Could fancy of his pain the curing.

Mary, 'twas from thine eye the light,
Which spoke of that, his wished-for cure:
His heart, it dared not throb with delight,
But oh! it dared to hope once more.

And he drew him nearer, nearer, nearer,
As it shone on still with no fitful gleam,
And now, that glance seemed even dearer,
Than the light which fell from his own sunbeam.

For the joys which come, e'er sorrows are known,
Smile, but to be quickly forgotten again;
But the hope which brings comfort, such joys being flown,
Is dearer and dearer, the greater our pain.

And he basked him well in the sunny ray
Of that eye, which beamed so kindly o'er him,

And you could not have tempted him now away,
Tho' 'twere to his sunbeam to restore him.

For as he nearer crept, and nearer,
He paused, where her heart so kindly beating,
Told him, that 'twas a home far dearer,
Than the beam he had been so long regretting.

For *that*, while good around it throwing,
Is all unconscious of the blessing,
While the tender heart, with kindness glowing,
Beats for each pang it is redressing.

And when it melts to others' sorrows,
Or soothes the mourning sufferer's pain,
We love it, that our griefs it borrows,
And for our tears, gives tears again.

And the tired wanderer, nestled near
To that kindly heart, and was happy and calm;
For he felt, that e'en in this world so drear,
There's a comfort for sorrow, for misery a balm.

FALLEN ANGELS.

THEY wander through our world,
From higher regions hurled,
Angel forms, from Heaven thrust,
Grovelling in our earthly dust,
Weep, weep their fallen might.

Seraphic host
Their glory lost,
Tinged with earth,
Forgot their birth,
Weep, weep their fallen might.

But they bear in their looks still a beam from on high,
Tho' exiled, the exiles they are of the sky;
And their smile is the smile of the home of their birth,
Tho' fallen and sullied they're angels on earth.

Fond Hope who so smilingly points us the way
To that sky, whence herself has been driven,

And Mercy, who whispers that man has a stay,
And tells him *her* birthplace was Heaven.

While Charity lingers to ask for a brother,
What ourselves are still seeking,—relief;
And Love whispers softly, the joy of another
Is a sunbeam to light our own grief.

And Affection, the gentlest, the kindest of all,
Lingers still, though her sisters be gone;
Oh! scarce, if she might, would she rise from her fall,
And leave man to weep here, alone.

She clings to the outcast,—when bent to the dust,
If her tearful eye rises to Heaven,
She prays not for that refuge from whence she 'was thrust,
But, that comfort to *him* may be given.

She hopes not to rise, for she doth not repent,
But clings to the sufferer here;
O'er his care-furrowed brow is she watchfully bent,
As she answers each pang with a tear.

While others are pointing a happier land,
Nor can learn to content them with this,
She kisses his pale brow,—she presses his hand,—
He forgets he's an outcast from bliss.

THE FIRST STAR OF EVENING.

The first star of evening, how it tremblingly shines,
As its faint ray is cast o'er the sky,
While the bright sun to gloom and to darkness declines,
As his fading light sinks but to die.

And why do we turn to yon star's trembling ray,
Which fears even day's *dying* glare?
And why does the eye to yon sinking sun stray,
And why is his fading light dear?

It is, that man's sad heart is tutor'd to wo,
Tho' oft dazzled by joy's brilliant ray;

To the sun in his glory we worshipping bow,
But *love* him when sinking away.

The star, while its lustre shines brightest, may please,
Like the rapture which joy can impart;
But the weeping eye turns to its trembling rays
And they vibrate a chord in the heart.

Oh! I love that pale star, that so tremblingly shines,
As its faint ray is cast o'er the sky,
Oh! I love that bright sun who to darkness declines,
As his fading light sinks but to die.

COMBAT OF THE POWERS OF GOOD AND EVIL.

Fierce! terrible! a combat wild and fearful!
A mystery of power; dark in its might;
And indistinct, and vast, and horrible.
'Twas in the howling blast;
'Twas in the thunder's roar; 'twas in the deep,
Which echoed back Heaven's rage, in sullen voice.
The cataract's bounding torrent spoke of it;
The whirlwind's in its crushing might spoke of it;
The crashing forest's ruin spoke of it;
The earthquake's trembling horrors spoke of it;
It hissed within the fierce volcano's flames,
And angered Nature's voice echoed it.
And in the silent gloom of horrid night
Fiends spoke of it, and demons howled it forth.
A combat fierce, and horrible, and strange;
The Evil Spirit with the power of Good.
Sad triumph! for behold the demon's might
Victorious raging. Hark! his voice alone,

Laughs o'er the waste of prostrate Nature's wreck,
And darkness, not of night,—thick, viewless darkness,
Full of horrible imaginings,—and things
Which only sport them in that fearful gloom,
When frighted Reason shrinks, and coward Fear
Wakes demon forms, and calls its devils round us,
To crush and stun our trembling, dizzied minds;
Methought 'twas done, and Evil reigned supreme.
A ray of light!
It struggled forth; a faintly beaming star
Shone through the gloom. A voice was there; it said,
"Hope! mortal, hope."—
'Twas gone.—The demon raged again supreme.
No more in darkness, but a scorching light;
A sun which warmed no more, but seared and blighted
The withering earth, which shrivelled 'neath his rays,
Until itself, was as a globe of fire,
To parch the every living thing it bore;
While panting nature gasped as 'twere for life.
The rivers too, were by the thirsty earth
Drunk up; and streams and fountains were not.
The heavens refused their aid; the brazen sky

Seemed one vast mirror of reflected heat.
Evil had conquerèd, and the universe
Was blighted at his tread.
One dew-drop fell:
From heaven it came;—so cool, so fresh, so pure,
Methought it seemed a tear, sent by that power,
Which could not conquer, but which watched us still.
Again, that voice I heard, which whispering said,
"Hope, mortal, hope."—
'Twas cold and chill.—The sun had lost his heat,
His pallid ray but faintly waked the thought
Of genial warmth, and only shone to light
With sickly beam, the fearful desolation,
Which o'er earth now held its dismal reign.
'Twas ice, and howling winds, and endless snows;
And shivering misery, and frozen tears;
And life, which was not life, but turned to stone,
With agony of suffering; and thought was still;
And mind itself lay stunned; chilled by the view
Of statued agony, of "Life in Death."
'Twas Evil now uncombated. Methought
The power of Good no longer struggled.—

Hark!
The voice again.—And from the frozen earth
There budded gently forth one timid blossom,
Drooping it rose, and half-retiring stood,
But it was there, the shrinking flower which comes
To whisper of the wished-for bloom of spring.
The snow-drop reared its head; and softly then
Murmured that voice; and its soft murmuring, was,
"Hope, mortal, hope."—
What fearful tumult comes to drown its tones?
Sprung from the womb of earth, in direst earthquake,
Rose the fiend of War, while nature trembled;
Shrieking terrors, pallid fears wait on him;
Strange horrors dog his steps; and thirsty Death
Laps thickened gore from out his bloody tracks;
While Famine stalks, with loathly Pestilence,
Triumphant in his rear.
It was a field
Of carnage. Far and wide, 'twas death and slaughter;
Man with man, passion with passion warred;
It seemed a hell, where devils were let loose;
No world of human charity and love.

And mingling with the clashing arms were cries
And groans of misery ;—and no one heeded them.
The cannon's roar was answered by the shriek
Which mangled corpses breathed in agony,
And no one heard it.—Or perchance, 'twas heard,
And scoffed at.—Were these men, or fiends?—I gazed
In horrid wonderment. Then, midst the din,
A fiendish howl of fearful laughter rose.
Hell's demons triumph~~ant~~ed that all good was crushed.
One scene of sin on sin, and wo on wo.
I wept and hoped no more.
"Hope, mortal, hope!"
The voice was in my ear,—distinct in words.—
No longer only murmured on the breeze ;
Its plaintive tones were spoke by mortal lips.
I turned,—and kneeling near me bent a form,
It seemed of heaven, but yet it was of earth.
'Twas gentle woman's voice which whispered "Hope."
She wiped the cold sweat from the clammy brow,
And raised the sinking head, and tried to soothe
The anguish of yon crushed and broken thing,
Which could so lately call itself a man.

And, as his fainting breath gasped forth a sigh,
Then hushed itself in death,—she bent her down,
Kissed the loved lips, then turned her to her babe,
And wrapping in her arms th' unconscious thing,
Pointed to heaven and sighed, " Hope, mortal, hope."
And then, with smile of patient sufferance, bent
Her trembling steps to trace the troubled path
Of life's tumultuous course. And then methought,
As unsustained she tracked her timid way,
An angel form was near her, guiding still
Her tearful looks for ever tow'rd the sky,
And whispering that a home of peace was there.
And ever as it propped her tottering steps,
To cheer that lone one, cast upon the world,
Its constant lesson was, " Hope, mortal, hope."
I gazed upon that angel-form, and knew
It was the *power of Good*, which conquered there.
'Twas he who waked the star, who dropped the tear;
'Twas he, who called the snow-drop from its bed,
'Twas he, who gave the timid mortal strength,
To hope, and hope, and hope in misery.

THE STAR WHICH FOLLOWED ME.

In childhood as beneath yon starry sky,
My tiny steps would track their devious way,
Still as in winding flight, or fast or slow,
Their varied course would turn, yon star shone down
Direct upon me still. Backward or forward,
Round and round, methought it followed still.
And well I loved it, for I deemed it shone
Only for me, and that it watched to bless me.
And in my youthful fancy it would wake
Dreams of far greater, brighter, happier things
Than the world held for others; and it seemed
To talk of happiness and hope, and all,
And more, than fancy's wildest, fairest views,
And all for me! Oh! how I loved that star!
And as I watched, and dreamed of all it promised,
Meseemed itself, perchance, might yet be mine;
And I would stretch my longing arms, and call,
And almost wonder that it would not come,

When thus I summoned it.—I loved it with
A fancy, wandering, bright as its own rays!
Ay, almost with a wild devotion, worshipped
That star which ever watched and followed me!
And now, where is it?
Lo! in yonder sky,
Brightly it still shines on,—but not for me!
My childhood's dream is vanished, and I've learned
'Twas but to fancy's eye it followed me,
And that afar off, in unmeasured space,
It dwells, unconscious of my dreams, myself;
A world within itself, and no bright thing
To guide *me*, grovelling worm! upon my way.
And now, proud science, that thy lesson's learned,
And childhood's errors have forgot themselves,
Perchance, I may be wiser, but alas!
I've lost, for ever lost, the star which followed me.

THE DAUGHTERS OF HOPE.

Bright Hope, when first she came to earth,
To smile o'er mankind's cloudy life,
Two beauteous daughters, at a birth,
Brought to this scene of wo and strife.

And both she saw so brightly fair,
So gentle, amiable and mild,
These two, she said, shall ease man's care—
By them his woes shall be beguiled.

Fancy shall woo off sorrow's tear,
And gild the eye with smiles of joy;
While Happiness shall follow near,
To hinder even Fear's alloy.

Nor did these beauteous nymphs belie
The words which their fond mother spoke,
For ever where they could descry
Fell Sorrow's bonds, his chain they broke.

And eyes that met them bathed in tears,
Scarce saw them ere to smile they learned;
And hearts which withered with life's cares,
To joy and health were soon returned.

But one day, as their course they bent,
To dry the tear, to hush the moan,
To heal the wound which Suffering sent,
Fancy found Happiness was gone.

And all in vain, alone, she tried
To do what both were wont to do;
Men saw her, smiled,—but then they sighed,
That Happiness was not there, too.

"And where is Happiness?"—they said,
"And why is Happiness away?"
And then some whispered she was dead,
Some, that to Heaven she winged her way.

Still Fancy smiled,—"Come, follow me,
We'll find," she said, "the truant soon,"

Men listened, as her smile they'd see,
And followed, where she led them on.

But soon she found she'd not the power
To give them all they from her asked;
Tho' from her sister's flight, each hour
Her every faculty she tasked.

Away then to Hope's home she flew,
Complained that she was now alone,
"If thou," she said, "to man art true,
Aid me,—for Happiness is gone."

Hope started,—"No, it is not so!
Fancy," she said, "it cannot be;
In search of Happiness I'll go,
And cannot fail aided by thee.

"We'll find her, wheresoe'er she's hid,
Bring her once more to man's relief,
Once more, by us the truant led,
Shall come to war with Fear and Grief."

They started, and to find her strove;
Nor tired, for Hope sought for her child,
And Fancy ne'er could cease to love
That sister, who so brightly smiled.

They search, but still they cannot find,
While man, despairing, says she's dead;
At least, that she has ceased to mind
His cares, and to high Heaven is fled.

But Hope and Fancy promise still,
Still bid us seek for Happiness,
Till e'en while tears of sorrow fill
And cloud the eye—we dream of bliss.

THE FALLING STAR.

And the rivers, who, all the world must know,
Were in love with the stars ever since they could flow.

BULWER.

THE river that loved yon star so bright,
How soft was its plaintive tone,
As gazing it drank in the far-off light,
And joyed in those beams alone.

And how could it woo, away so far?
It worshipped that distant one.
But a river! Oh! how could it reach a star
It hoped not, but murmured on.

And aye as it wended its constant way,
It gazed on each beam that fell,
Till mirrored the star in its bosom lay,
And its bliss was, to watch it still.

And the star, did it always unheeding shine,
Of that river's silent prayer?
Or perchance did its rays more brightly incline
To stamp its own image there?

* * * * *

Silent was their love,
Each seemed doomed to live alone.
But from its seat above
That star, one night, was gone.

A brilliant meteor falling,
Thro' the sky, 'twas seen to glide.
To that river's silent calling,
It, as silently, replied.

And we are not farther led,
In their hidden loves t' explore;
That star contented fled,
From its home of light and power.

Nor, perchance, would pity bid,
To bewail its fallen state;

In that river's bosom hid,
May the star not love its fate?

* * * * *

Gently murmurs on the river,
In its murmuring tone is peace;
Of that peace, the kindly giver,
Leaves in heaven its vacant place.

But in the lowly home 't has sought,
There's quiet love, tho' splendour flies.
Perchance, it deems not dearly bought
That home, where it forgotten lies.

THE COMET.

Hast thou no resting-place, thou wandering thing?
Art thou an emblem of the soul, which roams
Eternally, and seeks a home and rest?
What art thou, that thou flashest o'er us thus
In course eccentric? Lo! as some wanderer
Thou passest, a lone stranger through the sky,
And every star peeps forth, as if to watch
Thy meteor course, and as thou passest, pales
Its timid ray, and seems to whispering say,
"We know thee not, strange thing, thou'rt not of us."
And in calm brightness, the pale moon looks down,
And thou, as 't were a troubled spirit, shrink'st
From her soft light, while with her gentle smile
She seems to say, "Wanderer, thou'rt not of us."
And the earth answers her, from rustling leaves,
And wave, and murmuring stream, "Thou'rt not of us."
'Tis echoed through the universe. And thou,
Outcast from Heaven and Earth, whence art thou?—Say,
Is thy wild light some evil thing which spreads,

As has been deemed, sickness and desolation?
And dost thou bear with thee the curse of worlds,
Grim Famine, hungry War, thy satellites?
Or art thou but some wandering discontent?
Some thought, which may not find a resting-place,
Fixed to one constant round of endless change,
For ever wandering, and for ever doomed
To wander on alone;—teaching itself
To suffer;—gnawing itself,—and bringing home
Its direst misery?—a misery
Of loneliness unshared,—which nought can know
And nought can pity?—and (for thou art alone,)
Men curse thee; and they point as 't were a scourge,
Precursor of strange ills,—and trembling watch
Thy beaming course, which should be beautiful
But that they deem some new strange ill must follow.
Hast thou a thought to know thyself accursed,
And feel that all things hate thee?—an' thou hast
E'en in thy lofty state, I pity thee,
Bright, lonely one;—methinks to find a home
Thou'dst hide thy rays, and sink to loneliness,
And shrink into the bosom of some cloud

Or drop into the ocean's billowy bed,
That all no more might shrink from thee, and say
"Strange thing, whence art thou?—thou art not of us."
Lo! thou art gone. Perchance to seek for rest,
And the sky, which but now cast back thy beam,
Has lost thee, and with open smile it seems
As 'twould rejoice to find itself again
Free from thy fearful light. I pity thee,
That all things shun thee thus. E'en tho' thou wert
As foul as thought can paint, or fancy dream
Some demon spirit, bent on ill and wo,
Still I must pity thee,—for thou'rt *alone*,
And *loneliness* methinks—is *misery*.

THE GARDEN OF EXPERIENCE.

METHOUGHT a garden round me lay
With flowers of brightest hue;
Each blossom, decked in colours gay,
Seemed vain its beauties to display,
And turned them to the view.

The rose, the tulip, woodbine too,
Their brightest hues displayed;
The daisy, and the violet blue,
Bespread the ground, as if to woo
Light pleasure's airy tread.

A queen-like lily near me shed
Its fragrance, fresh and pure,
And as it bowed its snowy head,
To grasp its beauties I was led,
I touched,—they were no more.

And withering on its stem, it drooped,
As, weeping its decay,
We've seen fresh youth, by sickness stooped
Towards the grave, which yawning oped
Its jaws, to ask its prey.

And quickly then I turned to cull
The rose's brighter bloom;
But it too drooped; and withering, dull
Those beauties which I sought to cull
Seemed fit but for the tomb.

Another and another yet
Midst these bright flowers I sought,
But still, while sweets I tried to get,
They withering, left me to regret
That aye my search was nought.

At length my fruitless toils I ceased,
And stood in wonder lost.
"And what," I cried, "all which is best,
My slightest touch seems to divest
Of all its beauty's boast."

But as I spoke, a figure sad
And mournful, near me stood;
In sombre robes of sorrow clad,
She seemed to mourn each blossom dead,
And weep each withering bud.

"'Tis not thy touch," she sighed, "but mine,
Which blights their opening bloom,
And vainly o'er their fate I pine,
And vainly weep as they decline,—
To crush them, is my doom.

"And aye where flowers brightest blow,
Where fragrant sweets most dwell,
As if the gathering hand to woo,
There most my power I'm doomed to show,
There's none these sweets may cull.

"For ever as the grasping hand,
To gather them would try,
'Tis mine their ruin to command,
'Tis mine to wave the fatal wand,
Whose touch, must bid them die.

"This beauteous garden charms the eye,
As smiles the world to youth;
But every promise brings its sigh,
The fresh heart aches to see it die,
And trembles at the truth.

"The brightest hues which now delight,
Must wither ere they're yours;
Experience ever stands to blight
All that is loveliest to the sight,
To crush the sweetest flowers.

"Experience maketh wise, 'tis true,
But ah! in tears man earns
The lesson, which but makes him rue,
What Wisdom laughs at, as untrue—
He weeps at what he learns."

LOVE, WISDOM, AND FOLLY.

When Love first 'gan the world to range,
A country wild to him and new,
There's surely none will deem it strange,
That when from heaven's blest heights he flew,
He should seek out some friend, or brother,
Some one, to whom to look for aid,
The Baby God, who, from his mother
Had just broke loose, was still afraid
These unknown realms to wander through,
Where, mixed with pleasures, dangers grew.

And long within himself he thought
Who best could aid and guide him there;
And as sometimes discourses fraught
With praise of Wisdom, on his ear
Had fallen while yet he was in heaven,
He thought he'd look for her, and find,
If really to her power 'twas given,
To govern, sway, and rule mankind,

" And if," he said, " so great her might,
Who 'gainst our powers combined can fight?"

This once resolved, young Love soon went
To seek out Wisdom's lonely home.
He found her, deep in study bent,
O'er an old, rusty, time-worn tome,
While Solitude was standing near,
To keep intruders far away,
And Thought, and Contemplation, there
Kept watch alike, both night and day.
Young Love was awe-struck at the group,
His pride forgot, and learned to stoop.

And bending low, to Wisdom he
Addressed himself, to ask her aid;
While Contemplation frowned to see
That Wisdom stopped, her task delayed,
And while the smooth-tongued boy talked on,
Seemed pleased with all he had to say,
Till he more bold and easy grown,
While Wisdom smiled, now 'gan to play,

Blotted her papers and her books,
And mocked grim Solitude's strange looks;

Asked Wisdom, how she e'er could bear
To live in gloomy scenes apart
From all mankind, in places drear,
For ever lab'ring o'er her art;
Said he had heard much of her might,
The power which she by art had learned,
And thought it would be only right,
If to man's good this knowledge turned,
That at the same time Wisdom's name
Should rise to glory and to fame.

And then he sketched his journey's plan,
Told how the world he would subdue,
And laughed to think how helpless man
Would struggle, when his darts he threw:
And then he said, if Wisdom would
But put herself beneath his sway,
Their power could never be withstood,
The world they'd govern in their way;

"So come," he said, "be ruled by me,
None will resist, you soon will see."

Proud Wisdom started when she heard,
Love talk as though he thought to rule,
She scarce believed the saucy word
Could mean that Love would Wisdom school.
"I listened, Love, as long," said she,
"As Reason seemed to guide your speech,
But now you talk of ruling me,
A point, be sure you ne'er will reach;
For when you'd Wisdom seek to school,
You show too plainly who's the fool."

Love, e'en in Heaven, would ne'er a word
Of harshness patiently endure,
And now, when Wisdom's speech he heard,
He vowed her pride he soon would cure.
"You call me fool," he said; "'tis well,
Light Folly's home I now will seek,
And when with her, Love deigns to dwell,
Two fools we'll be,—but Wisdom weak,

Perhaps less proud than she is now,
Will e'en to Love and Folly bow."

Full then of anger and disdain
  Love to his threatening words was true;
Wisdom's excuse he did not deign
  To stop and hear, but off he flew;
Leaving poor Wisdom rather sorry,
  That she so hastily had spoken,
Somewhat repenting of the hurry,
  By which all terms with Love were broken;
For all his threats she little cared,
But that he'd ne'er come back she feared.

The flattering boy had pleased her so,
  So much she grieved, now he was gone,
That were he back, she did not know,
  But pride and power she might lay down,
To keep the little wanderer near,
  Submitting to his tyrant sway;
And then, (who would believe 't) a tear
  She shed, that Love had flown away;
While Contemplation stood aghast,
At all which in her sight had past.

Meanwhile, Love had not wandered far,
E'er smiling Folly crossed his path.
"Ah ha!" quoth Love, "by Jove, I swear,
She greater charms than Wisdom hath.
Why, she is smiling, fair, and gay,
More good-natured than Wisdom looks,
Who scarce would for one moment stay,
From pondering o'er her musty books.
With Folly then I'll choose to stray;
Come, beauteous Folly, let's away."

Folly, who had not Wisdom's fear
Of being by Love's power ruled,
Gave herself little thought or care,
As to how much she should be schooled.
Content to roam the world with Love,
Quite willing in his paths to tread,
She never dreamt to disapprove,
But followed on, where'er he led.
She asked not, cared not, where he'd rove,
Content, that she was led by Love.

Together so well pleased they were,
That seldom, now, they go apart,
Where Love is, Folly's surely near;
She has the head where he the heart.
And if it e'er is Wisdom's lot
To meet this well-contented pair,
Love shows, that he hath ne'er forgot
The vengeance which he once did swear;
While Wisdom, grown more humble now,
Will e'en to Love and Folly bow.

For spite of reason, she will still,
To please the little God aspire.
And though he frowns, and treats her ill,
She tries to pacify his ire.
But all her efforts still prove vain,
For still the God, to show his spleen,
In heads which once owned Wisdom's reign,
Makes Folly undisputed queen;
And spite of all poor Wisdom's art,
She rules the head, where he the heart.

'TIS BUT THEE, LOVE, ONLY THEE.

Where the sunbeam glanceth brightest,
There my love, I think on thee.
Where the summer breeze is lightest,
Still of thee, and only thee.
Where the gently murmuring stream,
Lulls to soft and placid dream,
Who for ever lingers near me?
Who but thee, love? only thee!

And if fear, or dark misgiving,
Hover round with evening's gloom,
Fancy's tissues darkly weaving,
Tracing sorrows yet to come;
Still, one shadow lingering near,
Even scenes like these are dear.
Who the angel hovering near me?
Who but thee, love? only thee!

Thus in hope, and thus in sorrow,
Fancy paints thy shadow near,
Thou the brightener of each morrow,
Thou, the soother of each care.
And the sun which gives me light,
And the star which gilds my night,
And the lingering hope to cheer me,
'Tis but thee, love! only thee!

BIRTH OF THE EVERGREEN.

Gay Hope in a frolicksome humour one day,
From her suitors' fond glances kept hiding away,
And now in the fresh grass, and now in a flower,
She managed to tease them, for many an hour.

At last in a thick bush so closely she hid,
That defeated and vexed they at length 'gan to chide,
And called on the loiterer, and prayed her to hear,
But she laughed at their trouble, and mocked at their prayer.

So pleasant the green bush wherein she had crept,
That wearied with sporting the frolic thing slept;
While her followers, impatient, at last in dismay,
'Gan to mourn, as they deemed she had quite fled away.

Great Jove, who on business of state was engaged,
Disturbed by this tumult, confusion, and row,
Asked not for its cause, but perplexed, and enraged,
Issued orders to stop all that Babel below.

For his lightning bolts quickly one messenger flew,
While another prepared
And ~~one brought~~ a cloud, ~~from~~ whence they might dart them;
But one glance, ere the murderous weapons they threw,
They cast down on men, ere so sadly they hurt them.

They saw the bright angel who downward had traced,
Her course from that sky where no longer she'd stop,
For she found herself up there too sadly misplaced,—
They're happy in heaven, and cannot need Hope.

They saw that she frolicked with fond man below,
But to make him more true, (while her fair form embracing,)
When once more on his bosom she'd smilingly throw
Herself, the bright vision, which ever he's chasing.

They thought it a pity, so harshly to deal
With the weak things, who had quite enough to torment them,
Decided that mild means would do quite as well,
And so, cast back the lightnings to Vulcan, who sent them.

But still, as great Jupiter's orders had bound them
The chattering tongues of us pigmies to quiet,
They sought other means, and full quickly they found them,
To hush and confound all the turmoil and riot.

They took that dark cloud which its thunder had lost,
With crystal drops hung, and just ready to fall,
They filled it with snow, and with ice, and with frost,
And they aimed it direct o'er our riotous ball.

And they called the North Wind, and they bade him to blow,
'Till earth and her children in icicles blended,
Perforce would be stilled; ere again they might thaw,
Great Jove would, perhaps, all his business have ended.

Hoarse blew the loud blast,—and right angry he was;
From his afternoon nap, they had wakened him roughly,
And sure such disturbance is quite enough cause,
To make an old gentleman act rather gruffly.

And the snow fell in flakes, and the hail pelted bravely,
And the frost did its duty as well as the rest.
Poor man was soon brought to comport himself gravely,
And Earth's noise Heaven's councils now no more distrest.

Hushed were its voices, all was chilled,
Flowers were blighted, buds were nipped,
Streamlets, which so brightly rilled,
Where the bird its nectar sipped,
Ere he carolled forth his lay,
Still might glitter in the ray
Of the all unfrozen Sun,
But it was with such false shining,
As but wakes the vain repining,
(When its troubled course is done,)
Of the heart that trusts the seeming
Of a world, which all seems bliss,
Catches at its cheating beaming,
And but grasps a thing of ice.
Withered was each greenest bough,
Flowrets drooped at winter's breath,

Every leaf had changed its hue,
Frighted at th' approach of death.

Past was summer's glory,
Earth one ruined waste,
Like some bygone story,
All its beauties past.

But lo! still *one* bush, which now greener than ever,
Contrasted with all that was withering round,
Smiled on, by the bank of the cold, frozen river;
Why so green were its unblighted branches still found?

'Twas that midst them a charm lay the frosts to disarm,
And the blast shrunk away from its beauties uninjured;
For Hope there, unconscious of all the alarm,
Slept, close in the hiding-place where she had lingered.

There Hope was still sleeping,
While nature was weeping,

She slept, and she dreamed, and she smiled in her dream,
And the blast which was sweeping
By, touched her not sleeping,
For she dreamed as she slept, and she smiled in her dream.—

And man who was shrinking,
In agony sinking,
As his eye turned towards its unwithering green,
Deemed that him it was linking
To Hope, tho' still shrinking,
And smiled as he murmured, " 'Tis green, *ever green.*"

THE SOUL OF A SOUND.

As the wind sweepeth by, o'er yon harp-strings which now
Lay in idleness mute, (while no power was bringing
To life its soft tones,) hark! how startlingly grow,
And burst through the air, in wild melody springing,
Those notes which the power that could wake them, but waited,
Darting forth to the touch, which in wooing, created.

Waked by fairy fingers,
Their voices are unbound,
Some gentle spirit lingers
In every trembling sound.

Oh! say not that they breathe unknowing,
Their own soft tone.
Oh! say not, while these notes are flowing,
Themselves alone,
Are all unconscious of the pleasure,
Waked by the wild and airy measure.

Oh! say not thus, but rather find
A spirit in each wildest note,
Which, borne upon the passing wind
Dies with the tones which o'er us float.

A light thing which e'en summer flies
May dare to mock as all ideal;
Yet ere the earthborn trembler dies,
Its little life has bade us feel.

Hark! its sweet sound floats through the air,
Wild, but how tremulously soft;
Now sinks, as though 'twere taught to fear
Its own sweet tones, now bursts aloft.

And now, a dying cadence thrills
In whispered notes, the listening ear,
And now, again, a fresh note fills,
Then floats away upon the air.

And sinking, trembling as it goes,
Fainter the airy sound is thrown

Around us, and a dying close
Whispered we hear, and now 'tis gone.

Gone,—like the fading light of day,
Which trembles o'er the Ocean's face;
Gone,—like life's joys which pass away,
And fading die, and leave no trace;

Save one,—one thought that memory
Summons to mourn their sweetness fled,
Whispering the heart, that misery
Builds on the tomb of pleasures dead.

HER HOPE IS IN THE GRAVE.

Sure, Nature made that eye for smiles—
Whence comes the tear that clouds it?
Instead of all Love's witching wiles,
'Tis sadness ever shrouds it.

Sure, Nature meant that heart for bliss—
Whence comes the labouring sorrow,
Which paints with grief the pallid face,
And casts almost a furrow,
Upon her brow, the track of Care,
Which marks his withering progress there?

'Tis that life's morning hour,
Has seen its brightest flower
Wither and pass away.
'Tis that the daylight's beam
Of youth, with sickly gleam,
Fades with its new-born ray.

Ah! life has cast its poison there,
Embittered all it gave,
For Memory, lingering everywhere,
Points to one new-made grave.
One grave, where Sorrow ever sits,
Where Joy has hid his head,
Nor Hope with rainbow visions flits,
For there, her hope is laid.
Life only mocks her woes by seeming
Some other joys to leave;
For how can she of joy be dreaming?
Her Hope is in the grave.

We cannot always anguish feel,
And deepest wounds that tear
The tortured breast at last may heal,
But still they leave a scar.
The grass upon yon grave may grow,
Her smile once more return,
And pleasure's beam again may throw
Its ray, where all's forlorn.

But though that eye may brightly beam,
That heart more lightly beat,
They have not, howsoe'er they seem,
Youth's brightness, nor its heat.

For Grief has held despotic reign,
Nor monarch once will leave
His vacant throne, unclaimed by pain,—
Her hope is in the grave.

Its shadow mingling with the glow
Of sunniest scenes, will cleave
To every fairest dream, and show
Her first hope in the grave.

Though nature's storm may pass away,
Unclouded shine the sun,
The heart has ne'er that second ray,
Bright as the one that's gone.

Then, tho' from out the wreck that lies
In shattered fragments round,

She still may hope to cull some joys,
Some comfort may be found,
She may not, must not, hope for one
So bright a joy to save,
As the first, too dearly loved and gone,
The hope that's in the grave.

FORGET THEE!

Forget thee!—no, never. How can I forget,
When the sun in yon heaven thine impress has set?
For bright as his beam is the glance of thine eye,
And soft is thy smile as the blue, cloudless sky.

In the starlight of even, I still think thee near,
And thy voice in the whispers of zephyr I hear.
The thought of thee wakes in the stillness of night,
And lingers around me in Luna's soft light.

In ocean it murmurs, and sleeps on the wave,
Casting back to the sun the bright light that he gave,
Or reflects on its bosom the bright beaming star,
Whose wandering rays come to woo from afar.

It dwells in each flower, it sighs in each breeze,
For beauty and sweetness are mingled in these;
While all nature speaks of thee, then vain would it be,
To seek to drive from me the memory of thee.

Forget thee!—No, never.—While earth has a spot,
Where beauty is dwelling, thou art not forgot;
For in all that is bright, or is soft, or is fair,
Thy memory lingers,—thy spirit is there.

TO A FLY.

Away, away, thou buzzing thing,
What art thou to thus torment me
With thy bustling, idle wing?
What strange vanity has lent thee
Such an overweening dream
Of thyself, that thou should'st deem
Me (so far above thee born)
One whom thou may'st buzz and turn
And fret and murmur round, as 'twere
Some equal that thou fanciest here?
A thing but born like thee to play
And dance away an idle hour.
Away, thou restless plague, away!
Nor tempt me to display my power.
Know I was born for nobler things,
And have no time to lose on thee.
See life, her radiant visions brings
To greet my sight, and I am free

To choose the dazzling scenes among,
Or fame, or love, or riches, flung
E'en at my feet; or may I stray
In learning's mystic paths, and see
Deep science's mysteries;—then away,
Trifler, I've nought to do with thee.
Youth smiles upon me; life is new,
Hope is beckoning, Joy in view;
What have I to do with thee?
Thou thing of nothing!—What with me?

* * * * *

Life is passing. Have I found
Those bright things it promised? Where
Lingers now the magic ground
To my cheated sight so near?
Yonder—in the distance gleaming
Far away,—far away,
Brightest things are round it beaming,
Far away,—far away.

Buzzing thing, I spurned thee harshly,
True, thou triflest life away,

But perchance 'twas all too rashly
I condemned thy frolic play.
Glorious visions bade me spurn thee
As a thing too mean to slight,
Half I from these visions turn me,
Now to mark thy airy flight.

* * * *

Passing, passing,—life is passing,
Where's the halo of its youth?
Where the shadows I've been tracing?
Fade they at the glance of truth?
Glimmering yonder—far away,
Farther yet,—farther yet,
Scarce we catch their fading ray,
Farther yet,—farther yet.

Buzzing trifler, can it be,
That like thine, my hour is past;
Fretting round, that I like thee,
End with nothing found, at last?
Only thou, perchance more wise,
Contented sought'st no higher bourne;

I proudly could thy course despise,
And aimed at more, and failed, and mourn.

* * * * *

No more passing, now 'tis done,
Life is past, life is past,
All its fading visions gone,
Past,—all now are past.

Hither turn thee, buzzing thing,
On thy careless, fluttering wing,
Kindly I can greet thee now,
For I've learned too well to know,
My life, like thine, an endless chase,
Where all we find is change of place,
New scenes to drive the old away—
Mine passed in labour,—thine in play;
No more I spurn thee, thoughtless one,
For nought remains, tho' both are gone,
One only lesson learned, I find
That lesson which makes harshness kind,
And humbles pride, and teaches man,
More justly his own rights to scan;

Nor deem that he is made to spurn,
Or with contemptuous glance to turn
E'en from a buzzing thing like thee.
That lesson is humility;
The truest, last, and wisest thing,
Which life in varying search can bring.
A lesson built upon the wrecks
Of shattered hopes,—pride crushed to earth.
E'en where our fancied Wisdom breaks
Her useless wand, the true has birth.

MY DREAM CHILD.

It came on a beam from yon heaven-lit star,
And I knew not but darkly the things which it spoke;
But tho' strange were its tones as they fell on my ear,
My heart beat with fear, lest its spell should be broke.

It came on a rain-drop, as pure as the tear
Which trembles and glistens in Innocence' eye,
And its whispers were strange as some far-distant sphere,
And I loved it,—my heart knew,—words cannot say why.

It came in the silence, when quiet was flung
O'er earth, nor winds whispered, nor murmured the stream.
In the stillness it lingering over me hung,
And my heart throbbed to clasp it, the child of my dream.

And wild were the thoughts that it waked in my soul,
And wild were the feelings it roused in my breast,
My being was wrapped in its presence, and full
Of things and of thoughts which must die unexpressed.

And I knew them not;
They were strangers there;
Not of thoughts forgot,
Nor of things, tho' fair,
That ever my mortal eye had loved;
They were wanderers from far realms that roved;
They were nor of earth, nor of air, nor of sea,
They were things which *are* not, which may not be;
Thoughts of a dream, which come and go;
Thoughts we may feel, but may not show;
Thoughts which are born for ourselves alone;
Thoughts we must mourn when they are gone.

Bright as beam of heavenly birth,
Pure as rain-drop from on high,
Ere it meets the soil of earth,
Comes it from yon ether sky.

The child of my dream,—thought's untamed creation,
Which bends o'er its parent in silent compassion,
To wake some wild fancy that soothes life away,
And makes me forget the tired thing called *to-day*.

SPIRIT OF THE STORM.

WILD spirit of the storm, who rid'st the blast,
And in the growling thunder speak'st thy rage,
Would I could soar with thee!
Untamed, unfettered, roaming through the vast
Expanse of universe from age to age,
'Tis thine, thine! to be free!
'Tis mine, to lie, and grovel in the dust,
And wonder at thy might,
And in admiring amazement lost,
To tremble at the terrors of thy fearful night.

But no! with thee my spirit longs to rise,
It doth not tremble.—Genius of the storm!

Thou art but tameless, wild,
As I would be, could I enfranchise
My chained being,—cast off the grovelling worm—
Nature's untamed storm-child,
With thee the whirlwind in its might I'd ride,
Revel in the howling blast,
Play with the forked lightnings, and deride
The timorous world, by thee with weary fears harassed.

Borne on the hurricane's extended wing,
And in the whirlwind sweeping over earth—
Then in the billowy deep,
To wake the voice of Discord, mastering
The ocean's stillness, to riot giving birth
In those still caves, where sleep
In silent majesty is wont to reign,
Would I could roam with thee!
The throbbing wish bounds in my every vein,
Wild spirit of the storm! like thee, I would be free.

PRETTY FANNY.

Reared in shades and sweet seclusion,
Far from worldly noise and strife,
Fanny, free from man's intrusion,
Passed her tranquil, happy life.

Friends, 'tis true, she had not many,
But a Grandame good and wise
Ruled the thoughts of pretty Fanny,
More than learned, in her eyes.

Not the Delphic priestess ever,
Pythoness, or Sibyl, grave,
To her votaries could deliver
Such wise saws as Grannie gave.

To dispute them, pretty Fanny
Would have thought the strangest thing!
Who could know so well as Grannie?
Who could such wise reasons bring?

Thus life passed its happy morning
Like the dawn of summer's day;
Innocence each spot adorning
With her dew-drop's purest ray.

But the quiet waking over,
Fanny sighs, she knows not why;
Grannie's wisdom to discover,
Still her docile heart doth try.

Spurns not at the dullest lesson,
Which her childish ear hath schooled;
Owns by prudence and discretion,
Maidens should be always ruled.

Ne'er disputes—for Grandame says—
That man's a heartless, false deceiver;
Believes from him, a maiden's ways,
'Tis Heaven's best mercy to deliver;

Owns that wives have much to suffer;
That such fate 'tis wise to dread;

Thinks a husband or a lover
Is a thing to shun indeed;

Deems the wisest thing for Fanny
Is to fly his flattering tongue;
But sometimes wonders what her Grannie
Thought of men, when *she* was young.

'Tis very strange, but not less certain,
Once she was a wedded wife—
Fanny sighed, and dropped the curtain,
O'er *that* blot in Grannie's life.

But in sighing, still she ponders
How that false deceiver,—man,
With his tongue could do such wonders,
More than Grannie's wisdom can.

While she lingered thus o'er cases
For philosophy too deep,
Lost in theoretic mazes,
Fanny's prudence fell asleep.

And one day, when o'er her bending,
Softly woo'd a lovesick youth,
All these thoughts, their shadows blending,
For herself she sought the truth.

"Perchance,"—the gentle sceptic dreaming,
Whispered to her timid heart—
"Perchance 'tis but to Grannie's seeming,
That men act so sad a part;

"Surely there is nought so fearful
In the gentle voice I hear,
I'll look—tho' I'll be very careful—
See if there's *really* much to fear."

Fanny boldly thus resolving,
Tow'rds the youth her eyes doth bend;
Perhaps, she hoped by thus revolving
Their magic orbs, to chase the fiend.

Alas! the fate of sceptics ever,
Waited on poor Fanny's doubt.

Dare but one pris'ner to deliver,
He's sure to let another out.

The eye that, with love's radiance beaming,
Caught the glance of pretty Fanny,
Oped such worlds to her wild dreaming,
That quite forgot was poor old Grannie.

Men were false—she never doubted,
But *he* whispered, they were true.
'Twas strange how much that whisper routed,
What resistance it o'erthrew.

Men were fickle, harsh, unkind,
What a world of faults disgraced them!
But *he* smiled, and Fanny's mind
Deemed that Grannie had misplaced them.

Thus from doubt to doubt she threaded—
Grannie's lessons all forgot—
Fanny soon was what she dreaded,
And a wedded life her lot.

Would ye follow pretty Fanny?
Learn the end of her career?
Perchance you'll find some withered Grannie,
Lecturing in a maiden's ear.

While the blooming lass, ne'er doubting,
All her lessons sage receives;
Till one glance their phalanx routing,
Like her Grannie, she believes.

THE BRIGHT SUN.

The bright sun! the bright sun!
He smiles though our tears flow,
The bright sun! the bright sun!
He smiles upon our wo.
Upon the earth,
In wo or mirth,
Alike he smiles unceasing,
And care may sleep,
Or bid us weep
Without his smiles decreasing.
The bright sun! the bright sun!
He smiles tho' our tears flow,
The bright sun! the bright sun!
He smiles upon our wo.

Oh! is it that he mocks,
Alike man's griefs and cares,
And high in glory stalks,
Unconscious of our tears?

Or doth he smile,
But to beguile
Our suffering and our sorrow?
Sent by the God
Who marks his road
To bid us hope—to-morrow?
The bright sun! the bright sun!
He smiles, tho' our tears flow,
But kindly smiles the bright sun,
'Tis to beguile our wo.

THE MIRAGE.

As phantom shapes on sea or sand,
Waked by the mirage fairy hand,
Light and gay,
Bid Fancy play,
While the weary wanderer smiling
Hails their lovely forms beguiling:

As they vanish at his tread,
Castle, hill, and valley, fled;
Vale and mountain,
Stream and fountain,
Leave the desert and the sea,
One trackless waste, one boundless way:

Thus our dreams, asleep or waking,
Brightest forms and visions taking,
Not from earth,
They hold their birth,

And at mortal touch they die;
We may gaze,—approach,—they fly.

Flitting through th' abstracted mind,
When earth, with all the cares that bind
Our grovelling way
To things of clay,
Leaves us happy, leaves us free
To fancy all that may not be.

Seem they not of heavenly birth?
Sky-born things, come down to earth?
Lightning's gleam?
Stars which beam?
Stooping from their high career,
To light and bless, and cheer us here?

So pure, 'twere vain to try to grasp,
We may dream, but dare not clasp.
Fade they must,
Mortal dust
May not touch them;—mirage fair,
They have vanished into air.

THE VILLAGE CHURCHYARD.

UNWALLED, thrown open
To the public gaze, the vulgar tread,
Yon ruined churchyard lies. Forgotten now
The tales of wo these little mounds once told;
Forgotten,—yet Imagination's eye
Discovers still the sorrows they revealed,
And, peeping 'neath the grassy turf, may read
Where mouldering bones lie shrinking from the day,
Hiding themselves beneath fresh budding flowers,
E'en as tired hearts will wrap themselves from light,
Concealing in the dark recess of thought,
Their worn-out strength, their fearful rottenness,
And deck with smiles an ever-varying brow,
Which wraps their veiled sorrows, as yon turf,
In its green bosom, holds embraced a corpse,
Seeming the fresher and the gayer, for
The rotten thing, which mouldering, crumbles there.

See, here and there, some mossy stone declares,
One raised above the common herd there sleeps.
'Tis here, perhaps, the venerable sire,
The patriarch of the village, lowly lies
Unconscious of the tears his loss calls forth;
By him unheeded rise the plaints of wo,
No longer now he hears the voice of grief,
No longer now his ready hand is raised
To hush its clamourings. Here he sleeps, and here
Want wails a father,—misery weeps a friend.

A little farther—here to dust returned—
Behold the statesman lies. Ambition's slave,
By fame and glory's glittering bait drawn on,
He sought new honours, rose above the sphere
Of this his little world. The village left,
His humble birth despised,—he seeks, he gains
All that the world can give;—but all being gained,
He, sighing, feels the want of something more;
Earth's glittering toys are shattered in his grasp,
Her gilded baubles show their nothingness;
Deluded, grieved, he throws the world away,
And comes to lay his bones with kindred dust.

Life's visionary joys, her little cares
All passed alike,—oblivion now has seized.
But see yon grave, with summer flowers decked,
The emblems of its tenant. Bright they bloom,
To-day how frailly fair, to-morrow,—gone!
'Twas thus with her whose grave they now adorn.
The village beauty she, so gentle, fair,
That all must love. So good, no rival mourned
Her far excelling charms. Beloved, admired,
She knew her beauty's power, and although
A little pride might sometimes swell her breast
When all adored, 'twas Nature bade it rise,
And quick 'twas checked by wiser thoughts.
None ever called her proud; none called her vain.
But there's one common doom for all of earth,
And with the vilest, fairest flowers must die.
The Autumn leaves fall thickest, but in Spring
The blighting mildew, or the chilling blast
May nip them in the bud, and bid them fade.
Thus passed she, like the bud whose tender bloom,
By some untoward blast—a lingering sigh
Of Winter, ere he sinks into his grave—
Too early stricken, droops its head and dies,

Ere yet its blighted bloom had learned to know,
Why it was born to deck this changing world.
Its lesson all unlearned it shrank away
From the rude touch which on life's threshold met
Its tender bloom. Perchance, but happier in
Its early fate. It might have lived to ope;
Then to be crushed by some unthinking hand;
Or in its blooming beauties gathered but
To be the scorn and mockery, e'en of those
Who plucked it from its stem, and cast it forth
To wither 'neath the stern decree, which dooms
To ignominy and shame, the trembling thing,
Whose weakness may not let it dare a world,
Too harsh, too cold, for aught which has not strength
To meet the torrent, and the whirlwind crash,
The wild commotion of an o'erwrought mind;
Or, ceding to its maddening influence, stand
To boldly face the chilling, icy blast,
That hisses o'er it, shame and obloquy.
She died. And round her tomb we fancy still
That voice, whose thrilling sound so sweetly tuned
Its modulated tones to gentlest thoughts.

Its soft tones speak of death; yet if we weep,
We dare not weep for her, but for ourselves.
Ourselves, who linger here to watch the fading
Of fairest things, which frailest, e'en are dearest.
That very weakness which we tremble for
Wakes hourly some new fear, and fear wakes hope,
Until our thought and being all seem wrapped
To shield the fragile thing from every breath,
Which sways it, tottering on its pedestal.
It falls, and gazing o'er its shattered wrecks,
We scarce can deem that centre of our mind,
That object round which all our feelings cling,
That idol of our heart, has passed away,
And we are lingering here. We touch ourselves,
As though misdoubting life, and wondering if
Ourselves are breathing, thinking, sentient things,
Or, but the phantasms of some wild thought,
Strange, hideous nothings, which must pass away
And leave ~~the purer air; some~~ a purer spot of air than th
Dread spectre, which thus mocks us with ourselves.
We touch, and start to feel that we are still

Sensible, palpable, and full of being,
While IT lies there, a thing, but not of life.
But whose is this? the low, the lonely grave?
No kindly hand has scattered flowerets here;
No weeping mourner here bewails the loss
Of father, brother, friend. No kindred tear
Bedews his turf;—no sympathizing eye
Has marked the spot where the lone wanderer lies.
A stranger, poor, deserted, and alone,
Life had no friendly hand to ease its load,
And death no comfort to allay its pang.
The wandering, friendless, houseless stranger, here
At last has found the resting-place he sought;
At length he now no longer stands alone;
No longer now his heaving bosom pants,
And seeks in every fellow-man a friend.
Neglected, and alone, he breathed his last.
In agony he moaned; no answering sigh
Responsive rose.—One tear, one struggling groan,
One gasping sigh, and the world fades before him:
Its last wild hope, his heart hath throbbed away;
No more its noisy beatings cheat his ear,
And bid him catch some passing footstep's tread,

E'en in that sound which speaks his solitude.
No more the gurgling of his spasm'd throat,
In the dead stillness echoed loudly back
Upon his listening ear, bids him arouse
His dying powers, and turning, think to find
Some kindly lingerer o'er his dying couch.
'Tis done; and (as his tired heart) for him,
The world and all its turmoil, now is still.

How silent is the grave! Forgotten here
Life's agitating dream, in quiet lie
Mingling their dust, "th' oppressor, and th' oppressed."
The poor, the rich, the humble, and the proud,
Alike each has his little spot of earth,
And none, the most ambitious, wishes more.
Here ends our every hope, our every fear;
Here avarice forgets to hoard, and here
Ambition's dreams must end. Here poverty
No longer pines. Here misery's sighs are hushed.
Here all may rest, in quiet undisturbed.
The dead may rest, but here the living mourn,
As o'er the earthy tenements they bend
Of those they love. Lo! where a mother stands,

In speechless, lost, bewildered agony.
Her one, her only hope, her cherished boy,
Untimely snatched by Death's relentless hand,
She seeks to weep, but tears refuse to flow;
Her bursting heart weeps blood.—She seeks to pray,
But on her faltering tongue, the accents die;
Her wandering thoughts no longer seek her God;
Her head and heart, alike, are filled,—they burst,
With the one, sole, and all-engrossing thought,
Her one,—her only stay,—her hope, is gone!
A little farther, here a father stands,
Bowed less with age than grief.—A single tear
Drawn from the bosom's agony, flows down
His manly cheek; unchecked, unbidden flows;
He knows nor feels it not; his heaving breast
Seems rising 'gainst its load, as 't could repel
The grief which weighs upon it. Snatch'd in youth's prime,
He mourns to him, the loveliest, and the best;
His age's comfort, and his brightest hope
In life's decline;—the last connecting link
Which bound to earth his wishes and his hopes.

All now lie buried in the grave of her,
The last of all who lived, to call him father.
But hark! what shriek is that which sudden breaks
Upon the silence of this still retreat,
And echoing through the chambers of the dead,
Thrills on each heart, and hushes every moan?
Each listener, startled from his own despair,
Feels there's an agony which can exceed
The gnawing grief, which bids his heartstrings crack;
Each for one moment quite forgets his wo,
And shuddering asks, from whence the fearful sound?
Behold! 'tis here. The lovely maniac darts
Across my path. And hark! another shriek
Of wild despair, rings through the vaulted heaven!
And then a long, loud, hollow laugh, which seems
To mock the startled echoes, which repeat
From hill to hill, the dismal cry of wo.
Now, at the foot of yonder grave she falls,
And pleads the quick return of him she loves;
And chides, and wonders that he stays so long;
Then murmuring asks, whither and why he's gone?

Poor mourner, cease; thy useless wailings hush;
And if thou canst; if feeble reason yet
A glimmering ray can lend, look round and learn
That thine is but the fate of all who tread
This world of wo. Thine's but a varied shade
Of human misery, that all on earth must share.
"Who breathes must suffer, and who thinks must mourn."—
The sting of Death (which at our birth received)
Poisons and irritates our struggling life,
Until at last, the venom does its part,
And we, too weak to struggle longer,—die.
Here, bent beneath affliction's iron hand,
The widowed mother bows. See meagre Want,
And hungry Poverty, and all the woes
That sorrowing flesh can feel, their victim claim.
The mother sees, and shuddering at the train
Of threatened ills, her helpless infant clasps.
"Poor baby! what hath life in store for thee?"
She murmuring asks, "Ah! what for thee, the world?
Thou see'st not, know'st not yet, the scowling train,

Who watch thee for their prey.—See Poverty,
Who leads the band, while close behind her, look,
Lean Hunger pines. Then follows cruel Scorn,
Who smiling lifts her scorpion lash, and laughs
And points at Shame; pale Shame, who shrinking shuns
The passing glance, and cowers at every look.
Then see cold Pity comes, her pittance drops,
And passes on, forgetting the kind word,
The look of sympathy, which eases wo,
And soothes the wounded heart;—the bread she gives
Is bitter, and the noble heart rejects it.
Close on her steps, heartless Neglect draws near,
And led by her, behold the fiend,—Despair;
Despair, who darkening e'en this gloomy view,
Drives off the wretch's only comfort,—Hope."
The mother stops in speechless agony,
And thick the tears fall on her thoughtless babe,
Who smiles unconscious of its parent's wo.

Smile on, poor babe! smile on, while yet thou may'st,
Too soon alas! thou too, must learn to know,
That life's a bitter cup. We taste,—and taste,

And try to think it sweet; and then, although
We loathe the sickening draught, again we taste,
And still as muddier grow the dregs, taste on,
And fancy coming sweets, we never find.
The happiest life, what is it but a dream?
A ceaseless search for pleasures never found;
Bright fairy shapes, which glitter and attract
As we approach them, vanish into air,
And leave us gazing round in stupid vacancy,
Until another dazzling shadow comes
Across our path, and we resume the chase.
'Tis not until the chilling hand of death
Is laid upon the sleeper that he wakes.
At that cold touch, we start and look around
On all for which we've toil'd. Alas! how changed!
Our hoarded gold, shines now but glittering dust;
Ambition's wreaths are withered in our grasp;
The fairy wand of pleasure, broken lies;
All which we saw, in Hope's bright, flattering glass,
Is now reflected back, by dull reality;
We see its nothingness, and turn away,
Sighing to think, how long we've been deceived.

But may I not,—here by the charnel'd dead,
Learn yet in life, one lesson which regret
Need never follow? There is a wisdom
Sleeps among these graves. Woes stalk around us,
Spectre-like they rise,—but there's an angel form
Which follows them, though tearful, lovely too.
'Tis by the grave,—'tis in the house of wo
We find her lingering. Man to man she binds
In the strong brotherhood of sorrow. Never
Mid'st joy and laughter, doth man know his heart.
It wakes to consciousness but in that grief
Which tells him, *men are brothers.* Man learns then
To worship the great majesty of man.'
'Tis sorrow raises thee above the brute;
'Tis sorrow wakes the heart, the mind, the soul,
And rouses up the Deity within thee;
'Tis sorrow which inspires the poet's song,
Which breathes its life in fire-tongued eloquence,
And stamps its burning words upon the heart;
'Tis sorrow makes thee *man.* And onward still,
'Tis Sorrow bids thee soar above the world,
Forget the petty cares of flesh, and live

In the great *soul of being*. *God*, I bow
To *her*, thine handmaiden. From soul to soul,
She leads me on to *thee*, thou *first great soul*,
Creation's all,—*Infinite Being*—GOD!

OH! WOULD THAT I COULD DREAM ON STILL.

Oh! would that I could dream on still,
Of brighter things than these!
But motley hues our dreams must fill
From life's reflected rays.

And life is but a Harlequin,
In various colours dressed,
Where virtue mingles in with sin,
Where joys with sorrows rest;

Where tears and smiles divide the eye,
Nor fear or hope comes single;
Where laughter's echoed by a sigh,
Where cares with pleasures mingle.

And now 'tis sad, and now 'tis bright,
Now sunshine, and now gloom,

The smiles of day touch close on night,
The cradle on the tomb.

Then let us choose
The rainbow hues,
What though their colours fade?
When frowns the past,
To Lethe cast
Its every darker shade.

Sweet, sweet are the blossoms, their beauties let's seize,
Nor mourn that the morrow must see their decay;
Bright, bright is the sun, let us bask in his rays,
Nor weep that his brightness is passing away.

The flow'rets, 'tis true, will too soon cease to bloom,
But why not enjoy all their sweets ere they're past?
The bright sun, alas! will too soon sink to gloom,
But are his smiles less bright, so long as they last.?

Oh! better, far better, to gather the flowers,
And while their sweets last, to make them all our own.

Oh! better, far better, in sunshiny hours,
To bask in the rays of the comforting sun.

What tho' soon, too soon, must be withered the flowers,
What tho' the bright sun doth already decline,
Oh! still while they last, let us yet make them ours,
And when they are gone, 'twill be time to repine.

THE END.

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